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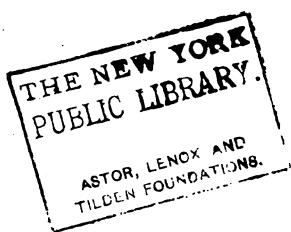
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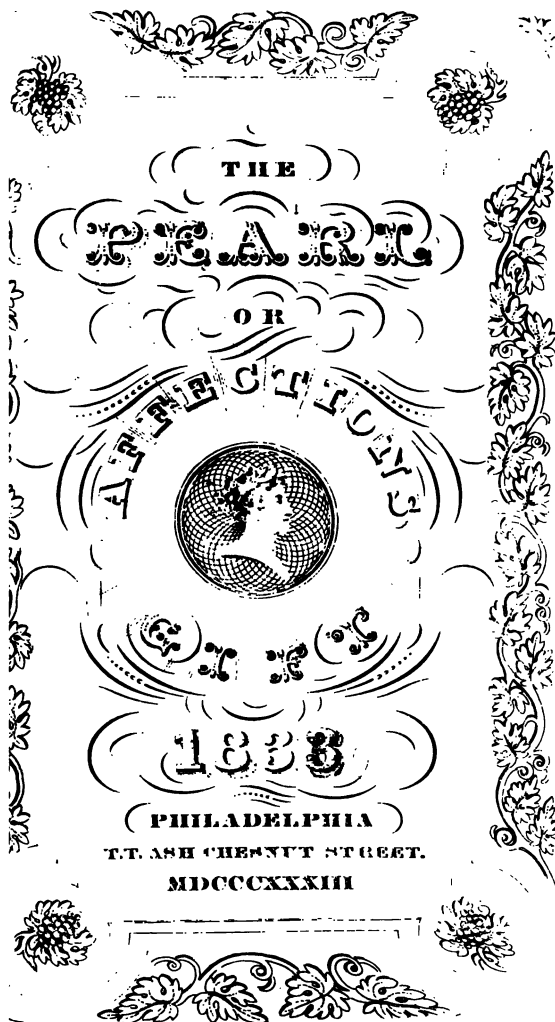












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THE
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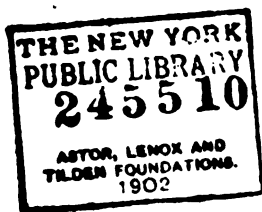
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT.

PHILADELPHIA:

THOMAS T. ASH—CHESTNUT STREET.

1823
MDCCLXXIII.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year
1832, by T. T. Ash, in the clerk's office of the eastern
district of Pennsylvania.

WALDIE
1832
1832

A. Waldie, Printer.

P R E F A C E .

EVERY exertion has been made by the publisher to make this fifth volume of **THE PEARL** every way equal if not superior to its predecessors. The writers are more numerous, and some of their articles certainly surpass any former ones from the same pens.

The embellishments are all appropriate, and most of them are entirely new. "At Rest," painted by Mr. **THOMAS SULLY**; and "Innocence," mezzotinted by J. **SARTAIN**, are both very beautiful, and obtained at much cost. "Who's There" and "The Culprit Detected" possess strength of character but seldom met with in small prints.

The style of binding is changed this season to that of embossed morocco.

A copy of the work, handsomely bound, will be presented to those contributors who may decline pecuniary acknowledgements.

The **PEARL** will be continued for 1834, and contributions are solicited, either in prose or poetry. The writers must always bear in mind that our work is for youth, and therefore articles to be appropriate must be instructive as well as amusing.

✓

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Ornamental Title-page, Engraved by STEEL.
2. Innocence, { Painted by B. WEST.
 { Mezzotinted by J. SARTAIN.
3. Annette, Engraved by ILLMAN & PILBROW.
4. My Sister Mary, " " "
5. Who's There, " " "
6. At Rest, { Painted by SULLY,
 { Engraved by ILLMAN & PILBROW.
7. The Culprit Detected, { Painted by FARRIER.
 { Engraved by J. NEAGLE.
8. Crossing the Brook, { Painted by H. THOMSON.
 { Engraved by WM. KEENAN.
9. Presentation Plate, " MASON.

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THE COLLOQUY.

Scene—Chestnut street. Christmas Eve.

HAL AND JAMES.

‘COME, Hal, just tell me now,’ said James,
 ‘What shall I buy for Kate?
I wish to please her—take great pains—
 Tell quick, for it is late.
Just hark! the clock is striking six,
 While the bells are chiming gay
For Christmas Eve. My mind I’ll fix—
 Come, have you nought to say?’

‘Why, yes,’ said Hal, ‘there ’s things enough;
 A scrap-box you can buy,
With scissors, needles, and *such stuff*;
 They are for sale near by.’
‘No,’ answer’d James, ‘she has a score
 Of boxes and such things;
But can’t we think of something more—
 Chains, ribbons, bracelets, rings,

‘And books?’ ‘No, no,’ said Hal, ‘don’t think
 Of books until next week;
For one, of fabled stream I’ll drink—
 Oblivion’s draught I’ll seek.

But, James, is Kate so hard to please ?
Come, boy, make up your mind ;
We 'd better not stand here and freeze,
A Christmas gift to find.'

'One thing I know, we could not fail,'
Said Hal, 'to please this girl,
Had we the gifts of fairy tale,
Its magic lamp, or pearl.'
'Its *Pearl*! why, Hal, we both forgot
"The *PEARL* for thirty-three,"
The very thing, now, is it not ?—
"Affection's Gift" so free.'

A. D.

Stockbridge.

INNOCENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(See Frontispiece.)

My lamb, where hast thou been
Sporting about all day,
Cropping thy food in pastures green,
Where the bright waters play?
But of the sunny vale
Thou 'rt weary now, I see;
Come to these shades, and tell thy tale,
And rest thy head on me.

I have been sporting too,
Where grow thy favourite flowers,
Among the lilies fresh with dew,
Among the vine-clad bowers;—
And by yon chrystal stream,
Where droops the willow tree,
I sweetly slept, and had a dream,
A pleasant dream of thee.

And music all around
Seem'd breathing when I woke,
From nest, and brook, and rose-deck'd bound,
And from my heart it broke.

Why does thy bosom beat ?
Hath aught disturb'd thy peace ?
Dear lamb, did brambles wound thy feet,
Or rend thy snowy fleece ?

Come, I will soothe thy pain,
If thou wilt tell me free,
And lull thee with that cooing strain
The young dove taught to me :
Thou by my side shalt run,
Friend and companion dear,
For since thou hast no evil done,
What evil need'st thou fear ?

Hartford, Ct.

ANNETTE.

BY MRS. CHILDS.

'Whither art going, pretty Annette?
Your little feet you 'll surely wet;
Your cloak is twisted out of place—
The sun is shining on your face—
And do you know the fresh warm air
Is tossing back your silky hair?'

'Lady, my feet I often wet,
But it has never harmed me yet.
I love to have the sun and air
Playing about my face and hair;
It makes me lively, bright, and strong,
And clears the voice for my morning song;
If tanned, my mother does not care—
She 'd rather I 'd be good than fair.'

'But do you venture all alone,
So far away from your own dear home?—
Not even a dog to frisk and play,
And guide you on your lonely way.'

'My mother could not spare the maid;
And I am not at all afraid;

AN EPIGRAM.

BY MISS MARY HAMILTON.

‘*My mother said I was a little
Too little for my little maid;
Yet I should not be so sure,
The sun is shining on your face,
And do you know the fresh young sun
Is losing back your day to me.*’

‘*Alas, my little brother said,
But I have never heard that song,
I have to have you sing and dance
Playing about my fire and bed;
It makes me lively, bright and true,
And clears the sun for any one
The spot my mother has made
For me and you, I hope, now dead.*’

‘*And I have never heard that song,
My little brother said to me,
I have to have you sing and dance*

And guide you on your lonely way.’

**‘My mother could not spare the maid;
And I am not at all afraid;**



Engraved by H. Man & P. Brown

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NEW YORK
JAN 11 1964
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The wind, that tangles smoothest curls,
Is all that harms good little girls.
There cannot be a lonely way
On such a pleasant summer day.
I talk aloud to the pretty birds:
The echoing hills give back my words.
In the running brook the speckled trout
At sight of my shadow glides about—
The miller on the soft green grass
Flies away when my feet would pass—
The hum-bird stops his restless wing,
As if he loved to hear me sing—
And busy bees through shining hours
Play hide and seek in op'ning flowers.
All things, I see, are very gay;
Lady, the world is full of play.
The clear sky looks so blue and mild—
How *can* there be a lonesome child?"

"Sweet wand'rer in the cool green wood,
I'm sure your heart is very good—
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.
There's something in thy loving voice,
That makes my inmost heart rejoice.
Pray tell me, have I asked you yet,
What's in your basket, dear Annette?"

"Lady, the nurse who watched my slumber,
And sung me stories without number,
Is now too ill to work for pay,
And she grows poorer every day.

Custards, and broth, and jellies good,
My mother sends to her for food.
I bring the water from her well,
And all my pretty stories tell.
Sometimes she loves to hear me read ;
Her little garden I can weed ;
And all the money in my purse
I gladly spend for my old nurse—
But if I stay to talk so free,
She 'll wonder what 's become of me.'

'Farewell, sweet wand'rer of the wood !
I knew your little heart was good—
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.'

THE FASHIONABLE BOARDING SCHOOL.

It is a common remark, that density of population is unfavourable to the virtue of any community; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that there is so much more wickedness in large cities than in villages. If the principle be correct, it will apply in different degrees to every modification of society; and of course schools, in which large numbers meet together, will not be exempt from its operation. There is no doubt that this tendency of numbers may be in some measure counteracted by vigilance and skill on the part of teachers and superintendents; but, alas! these are often wanting.

These thoughts have been suggested by some facts which have recently come to my knowledge in regard to two young ladies—Mary Lewis and her cousin Sarah Lewis—who were sent to a fashionable school in one of our large cities under the following circumstances.

Mary's parents resided in New England; Sarah's had removed from New England during her early childhood to Cincinnati, where her mother died not

long after. The brothers had often regretted the almost total suspension of intercourse between their families, occasioned by the distance which separated them; and when Sarah's father, after having given her all the advantages which the schools of Cincinnati afforded, determined to send her away to *complete her education*—this was the term he used—he begged that Mary might be permitted to join her. ‘The widow of our lamented friend, Kirkland,’ he said, in his letter on the subject, “has consented to receive the girls into her family, and thus they will have an opportunity of finishing their education, and of cultivating that reciprocal acquaintance and friendship, which I am sure we both earnestly desire for them, under the happiest auspices.’

This letter was received by Mary's father, when the family were all sitting, just after dinner, in the sick room of her mother—who, being an invalid, was often confined to it many months at a time, though her complaints were not of a nature that involved present danger. The groupe embraced but one person not hitherto mentioned, Mary's ‘sister Louisa,’ the child of a former marriage, and many years older than Mary—who had been as a mother to her in consequence of the ill health of Mrs. Lewis.

‘Well, Molly,’ said Mr. Lewis, after reading

the letter aloud, 'what do you say of your uncle's proposition ?'

'I should like to accept it, of all things,' replied Mary. 'I am sure from Sarah's letters that I shall find her a pleasant companion, and then, you know, I have been saying for this year past, that it was high time for me to see a little of the world, and get away from sister Louisa's leading strings.'

'Sister Louisa's leading strings, indeed,' retorted Louisa, as she patted Mary's ears in mock resentment, 'it is true that you have been in leading strings all your life, but you have been the leader, and *I* the led—*n'est-ce pas ?*'

'Never mind examining that matter too closely,' said Mary. 'At any rate, either from your indulgence, or my extreme docility, it seldom happens that we pull opposite ways ; but I think it is time I should learn to act alone for myself, which I am sure I shall never be apt to do, while I have you close at hand to advise with and consult upon all occasions—don't you think so, papa ?'

'Yes, dear, I think you are quite right, but then—'

'O, papa,' interrupted Mary, 'pray let us dispense with buts and ifs on this occasion—they have been the torment of my life—thwarting at least half my projects, and constituting an immense subtrahend to be deducted from the sum of my pleasures.'

There, sister Louisa,' she added, 'you see I have for once used that puzzling awkward term in its proper sense.'

'Well,' said Mr. Lewis, 'I decide at once, my daughter, that you may go, if you please, that is, with your mother's acquiescence; and if you choose, you shall be permitted to enter upon your new scene of life, unforewarned of its dangers or difficulties, and unincumbered with that, to you, most disagreeable of all burdens—advice.'

'Thank you, papa—and another thing I beg to be excused from, viz : from having it supposed that I go to complete my education. I have been sister Louisa's pupil too long not to know that it is but just commenced, and should go on, progressing, to the end of life. It seems to me a very strange notion, common among girls, that at a certain age their education is to be completed.'

'They think so,' said Mr. Lewis, 'because they have no idea of any other education than that which is acquired at school. Hence it happens that there are comparatively so few intelligent, cultivated women to be met with in society. So soon as they forget what they have learned at school, and it is soon forgotten, all trace of the education which has been acquired at a great expense, both of time and money, disappears. They should remember that that education is good

for nothing which does not elevate the standard of one's pursuits, and conduce to a permanent habit of intellectual cultivation and improvement.'

'It appears to me,' said Louisa, 'that young ladies cannot be too early, or too much impressed with the truth of the modern doctrine, upon which improved systems of teaching are founded, viz:—that many studies which are pursued in school are to be regarded not as ends, but as means, whose use is to invigorate the powers of the mind, for future exercise; whereas, they are too apt to think, when they leave school, that they have done all that is necessary with and for their minds, and are at liberty to turn their whole attention to dress and amusement.'

'I hear, Louisa,' said Mary jokingly, 'I hear every word, but I don't think I could remember any more at once. And what do you say, mother, about my leaving you?'—she continued, as she stood by her mother's rocking chair, put her arms around her neck, and leaned her cheek upon hers—'you have not uttered one word during this interesting discussion; are you willing, quite willing, that I should leave you?'

'Yes, dear, if your father thinks it best.'

'It will be easier to say good b'ye to all the rest of the house, than to your sick room, mother. How shall I do without it?'

‘Rather ask how it will do without you, sweet.’

‘You *will* miss my bustling ways and prating tongue a little, then ?’

‘My winter, Mary, will be as much of an experiment as yours. I have never done without you before.’

‘I am sure you have never done with me much—that is, I have never done much for you. Sister Louisa does every thing. If it were not for her I could not think of leaving you.’

‘Well, darling, I hope you will have a pleasant and profitable winter. It will wear away at last in my sick room, as elsewhere, for time never stays his wheels, although sometimes their motion seems hardly perceptible.’

‘And I shall come back in pleasant company, mother—with the birds and the flowers—so we shall all have a happy meeting together.’

‘God grant it, my love ; but let us talk no more of this now. Get the new book you were speaking of, and read aloud.’

Mr. Lewis knew to what he was trusting when he told Mary she should be left to her own guidance in the new sphere upon which she was about to enter. She was thoroughly well principled, strong minded, and sagacious, and had many more what may be termed *common sense notions* than are often met with in one of her age. She loved her

friends, too, with an ardent affection, through the medium of which her father knew she would still be subject to home influences, though beyond the reach of their immediate operation.

Something of the difference which existed in the character of the two cousins might have been inferred from the different manner in which they were affected at parting. Sarah left home without a single emotion to repress the buoyancy of a youthful spirit, exulting in its favourite, kindred element—variety, novelty; but Mary, although she had boasted her determination not to shed a single tear on the occasion, found herself entirely overcome at last; nor, although her father was with her, did she open her lips until they had got on several miles.

Mary had been in the habit, all summer, of dressing a little flower table that stood in her mother's room, containing a box of sand, which being moistened, kept the flowers that were put in it very fresh. Though it was now quite late in the season, she still continued to gather enough for her purpose, and it was the last thing which she did on the morning of her departure. When she had completed her work, she threw herself on the bed beside her mother, who seldom rose until a late hour, and said, 'Mother, by and by when you get up and have had your breakfast, if you feel able you must walk to the flower table, which I have

just filled with fresh flowers, and think of me—it looks prettier than ever this morning.’

Mrs. Lewis felt her heart so heavy when Mary had actually gone, that she protracted her rising to a later hour than usual. She remembered Mary’s request, however, and going to the flower table, as soon as she had taken her coffee, discovered a little note tucked in among the flowers, which upon examination she found addressed, ‘ To my dear Mother.’ It was as follows :—‘ When you look at my flowers, dear mother, you will miss me, I know. When Pashmataha, the Indian chief, died at Washington, he said his people would hear the tidings, “ like the sound of the fall of the mighty oak in the stillness of the wood.” I do not suppose that my departure will produce quite so sublime or powerful an emotion as that, but when you find that I am actually gone, I believe you will feel as if something lay heavily at your heart. So, to lighten that feeling, I leave this little note lurking among the flowers, that it may seem as if I still lingered behind, or as if I had come back to take one kiss more. It will be a long, long time before I smooth your pillow, or moisten your hands with cologne water again, but I shall think of you day and by night. So once more good b’ye, dear mother.

‘ Your affectionate daughter,
‘ M.

‘P. S. I wonder if ever I shall be patient as you are if I have to be sick as much.’

Mrs. Lewis, after reading this note, showed it to Louisa ; then, with a trembling hand and tearful eye she placed it in her bosom, and kept it there day after day, until her husband returned with fresh remembrances.

‘Dear child,’ said Louisa, ‘so pure minded, ardent, and sensitive, how will she ever bear the trials of a school ! She unites the feelings of a child with the maturity of mind that belongs to riper years.’

The two brothers and the two cousins arrived safely at the place of destination. It was a happy meeting, and Mary’s first impressions of her cousin confirmed those which had been made by her letters. She was good natured and full of vivacity. A week was devoted by the whole party to seeing sights, and what was still more important and interesting to the parties concerned, seeing each other. At the end of that time the brothers returned to their respective homes, and the girls commenced attending school.

Mary’s first letter after this period was addressed to Louisa, and as it gives her first impressions of the school, I will transcribe a portion of it.

‘Dear sister Louisa—You bade me tell you every thing, and that is just what I wish you to do ; for

cousin Sarah and I do not think as much alike as I hoped we should ; and except her, there is no one here to whom I can open my heart. Mrs. Kirkland is kind enough, but her manner does not invite or encourage confidence. Perhaps it is my fault, but I have not made a single acquaintance yet that I like very much, though Sarah has already half a dozen intimate friends. The girls in the school seem to me different from any I have known before ; perhaps it is the difference between town and country, or between fashionable and unfashionable. Education seems to be regarded by them as a ceremony—a sort of process that must be gone through previous to their “*coming out*,” and important only in that view. They tell over their studies as a catholic does his beads, all as a matter of form. Out of school their conversation is chiefly of beaux and dress, and as I do not know a beau in the world, and have no inordinate passion for dress, we seem to have nothing in common. Now and then I laugh at them a little, or sometimes about them, with Sarah ; but she is quite disposed to take their part.

‘ We have many disputes as to what constitutes a lady. I insist upon it, that there are hardly any young *ladies* in the school, they are so very hoydenish in their manners. For instance, they call each other by their surnames. If one of them

wanted my pencil, she would be very apt to say, "Here, Lewis, lend me your pencil."

In Mary's next letter the following passages occurred:—"I spoke to you, in my last, of the almost total absence of refinement in our school; but I have a still heavier charge to prefer against it. If you will believe me, sister Louisa, there is also a lamentable want of truth and honesty. If it is so in all schools, I am glad that I have been taught at home. There are a few girls very smart and ambitious. These will not scruple to use unfair means, when others fail, for outstripping each other. . The mass is composed of those, who, with little ambition, and no fondness for study, feel nevertheless the necessity of maintaining a decent rank in the classes; and this they will endeavour to do with the least possible trouble, adopting all the aids, whether honest or not, in their power. Some hold a book in their lap while reciting—some write their phrases upon a slate, and contrive to hold it in a convenient position for facilitating correct recitation—and it is not at all uncommon to copy French exercises from another's book. As for compositions, I have heard one of the girls boast of her adroitness in "manufacturing over," as she called it, something that she had picked up in a review.

' Sarah is shocked because I say there is so

much lying in the school. But are not all false pretences lies? and if made for unworthy purposes, base lies? If I give in, as my own composition, something which I have taken from a book, is it not as much a falsehood, as if I were to say, in so many words, "this is all from my own head?"

Mary was naturally upright and single-hearted, and all her associations had been with those who were like her in this respect. Of course many things which she now saw, were not only revolting to her sense of right, but affected her with the emotion produced by a disagreeable discovery. It is, I fear, too true, that, in almost every school, there are to be found some whose ambition leads to jealousy, ill will, and injustice, towards their rivals—and others, whose laziness or incapacity, or both, seek some false covering.

It must not be supposed, that Mary indulged this freedom of remark upon what she daily witnessed, to any besides those friends at home, with whom she had been accustomed to the most entire intercommunion of thought and feeling. Her lady-like ways,—her perfect good nature and evident sense,—and more than all, perhaps, on account of its novelty, that entire independence of mind, which prevented her from being affected by the general tone of feeling and sentiment which prevailed in the school, made her generally liked,

though she manifested no particular preferences towards any of her companions.

Probably another reason for her being on such good terms with them all, was this—that her scholarship was not so distinguished as to excite any rivalry. It was always respectable; for she had a clear intelligent mind, habits of industry founded upon principle, and a genuine love of improvement; but she had not the faculty of committing regular school lessons with the facility which characterised the acquisitions of many whose powers were in other respects inferior to her own. In one department, however, she soon attained the head, viz. in composition, for here she was aided by that general improvement of mind which she had derived from a general course of reading—such as is usually incompatible with the multifarious pursuits of a regular school, and furnishes a strong argument for home education. Her resources in this respect were beyond those of most young ladies not only at her age, but even after.

With Sarah, the effect of these new associations was far different. No tender mother had watched over her youth, and taught her how to ‘keep diligently’ her own ‘heart.’ Without the aid of fixed principle, and without half Mary’s native sense, she very soon fell in with the general habits

of the school. Mary, who loved her cousin, perceived this with pain, and sometimes ventured a gentle remonstrance; but Sarah's invariable reply was, that she knew no other way but to do at Rome as the Romans do. Frivolous and indolent, she had but too much need of adopting unlawful expedients in order to maintain appearances.

One morning Mary said to her, 'We had better not go out shopping, as you proposed, before school, for you have not yet written your French exercises, and that lesson comes first to-day.'

'O never mind,' said Sarah, 'I can *manage*, and I am afraid that pretty handkerchief that I want, will be gone.'

When they reached the school about ten minutes before the time, Sarah seized Mary's book, ran off to the desk, and copied her exercises. She finished just as the class was summoned.

The teacher found them so unusually correct, that he did not hesitate to say, 'Miss Sarah Lewis, these exercises have been copied.'

'Oh no, sir,' she replied, 'I wrote them last evening.'

He brushed his hand over them by way of reply, and the whole page was blotted. Mary's face was instantly suffused with a deep blush of shame for her cousin, but Sarah's embarrassment was slight

and momentary. She smiled, and a titter went through the class. The fraud contradicted no rule in their code of honour.

There was one young lady in the school, Harriett Mildmay, who maintained a decided pre-eminence above the rest in scholarship, and had long been, in that respect, the acknowledged head of the school. No king on his throne was ever more jealous of an usurper, than was she of any one whose claims to this honour threatened to supersede hers. It was a thought not to be endured, that she should find herself excelled in any department; and though Mary Lewis gave her no uneasiness in other respects, she was evidently very much troubled by her success in composition. Week after week Mary's compositions were marked No. 1. At length the tables were turned. Harriett was again pronounced first; and though Mary knew it was in her power to prefer and prove a charge of plagiarism, she would not do it, but contented herself with simply pointing out the source whence the chief material of Harriett's composition had been derived, to Sarah—not supposing that Sarah, who numbered Harriett among her 'intimate' friends, would ever mention the circumstance.

Sarah, however, had a habit of universal communicativeness, which no consideration of delicacy

or prudence was sufficient to repress, and Harriett became aware that she was detected. As often happens in similar instances, she was as much provoked, as indignant, as if the charge had been a false one; and the dislike towards Mary, which had been long gathering in her breast, but which she had been ashamed to betray, because she knew there was no sufficient reason for it, was now manifested without reserve.

It was among the regulations of the school that there should be a public review of all the studies, in the middle and at the expiration of every term. On each occasion of this kind twelve young ladies were selected to write compositions, which, after being read aloud, were referred to a committee, chosen for the purpose, by whose decision the scale of their comparative merits was adjusted.

Two prizes constituted the honours of the evening; one for general scholarship, and the other for the best composition. Harriett Mildmay was almost sure of obtaining the first, but was very much afraid that the other would be adjudged to Mary Lewis. Mary, too, had her hopes; for though so unpretending, she was not insensible to the pleasure of acknowledged superiority. There were two reasons why she particularly wished to succeed; first, because it would gratify her friends at home—and secondly, because she attached a very high value

to intellectual cultivation, and was glad of an opportunity to show that, though less apt at set lessons than many of her school-mates, she could more than compete with them in a higher department of education.

Harriett and Sarah had many conferences upon the subject, weighing probabilities, and discussing their mutual hopes. Sarah preferred that Harriett should succeed, for she had become somewhat alienated from Mary by their total dissimilarity of taste and feeling. She thought, too, that Mary was comparatively indifferent upon the subject; or at least, that she would be much less affected by defeat than Harriett.

As the day approached, Harriett became more and more uneasy, and at length she said, 'Sarah, we must contrive some plan or other to prevent Mary's triumph. I cannot endure the thought of being eclipsed for the first time at one of our public reviews, and by Mary too.'

'But cannot you contrive to get something for a composition which you are sure will be better than hers?'

'No. I should not dare write any thing, for this occasion, that was not entirely my own, for fear of being detected by some of the company. But I have thought of a plan that I can adopt, if you approve of it. You know that Mrs. Mayo

(the mistress of the establishment) does not see the compositions beforehand ; and nobody will think of counting them as they are read, so as to know whether there are really twelve. So if I can contrive to abstract Mary's from the parcel, which you know is tied up with a ribbon, and laid upon the centre table, nobody will miss it; and I am sure she will never speak out about it, at least until it is all over. Do you think she would care much about it ?

‘ No,’ said Sarah, ‘ I have no idea she would, for she is not at all ambitious.’

‘ And beside,’ rejoined Harriett, ‘ it is not at all certain, you know, but that the decision would be in my favour, even if I chose to run the risk.’

‘ But how will you contrive your plan ?’

‘ You know I am one of the committee of arrangements to prepare the room. Mary always uses white paper, and I will use white too, but will take care to present all the other girls with some that is pink, and too elegant to be resisted. When the parcel is laid upon the table, I will pretend to the girls that I have suddenly recollected a word or two in my composition, wrongly spelt, and must take it in order to alter them. There being no mark to distinguish one from another in the parcel, and Mary's and mine being both on white paper, I must of course look at bot

to see which is which. Meanwhile you must be at hand, taking a survey of the room, and just at that moment you must contrive to divert the attention of the rest of the girls, which you can easily do by offering them candy or something of the sort. Then, instead of replacing both the compositions, I will tuck Mary's under the table-cloth. When the evening is over, I can find some excuse for remaining last in the room, and I will give the cloth a pull, by which means the paper, concealed beneath, will fall to the floor. The servant who puts up the room in the morning, will find it, and the whole will pass off as an accident. Is not that a capital plot ?'

'Most excellent,' replied Sarah, who, though she had nothing malicious in her disposition, and would never have originated such a plan, was too thoughtless to weigh seriously its motives or its consequences, and too frivolous and weak minded not to adopt it, when proposed, without scruple.

The important evening arrived. The assembly of spectators was more numerous and brilliant than usual, and the review passed off very creditably to the different classes ; the young ladies, by some magic or other, reciting almost equally well. Those who have been familiar with the private apparatus of a public examination ; such, I mean, as is often, though not always resorted to, may

perhaps account for this circumstance, without difficulty. The prize of scholarship was then adjudged by Mrs. Mayo to Harriett Mildmay; who, according to the prescribed ceremony, advanced to receive it, kiss the hand which bestowed it, and returned to her seat, followed by the admiring gaze of the assembly.

The compositions were reserved for the conclusion of the scene, and came next in order. 'Now,' thought Mary, 'is perhaps my turn; but how can I ever go through such a disagreeable ceremony; so conspicuous! I had almost rather not have a prize.'

She listened as one after another of the compositions was read, in breathless anxiety to recognise her own. The last that remained was at length unfolded. She coloured and looked down; but that colour was succeeded by paleness when she found herself still disappointed.

'What can this mean!' she was ready to exclaim; 'I am sure I gave in my composition with my own hand, and saw Mrs. Mayo tie it up with the rest!'

An almost breathless silence prevailed while the committee withdrew into a little adjoining library to consult together upon the merits of the compositions. In a few moments they returned; and the senior member announced their decision

in favour of Miss Mildmay. She had already advanced to receive the prize, when he requested a few moments' delay. He happened to be an extremely precise old gentleman, and in replacing the compositions upon the table, he took it into his head to count them, and ascertain if the number was right. Perceiving there were but eleven, he returned to the library to find the missing one, and being unsuccessful in his search, asked if there were not some mistake—if twelve were not the appointed number.

Mrs. Mayo replied in the affirmative, and went up to examine the eleven, and see whose was missing. Perceiving none that had the signature of Mary Lewis, she addressed her by name, saying, 'I am sure, Miss Lewis, that I took one from you, and tied it up with the rest.'

Mary could only assent in silence.

Mrs. Mayo looked anxious and somewhat agitated. 'There is certainly some mistake,' said she; 'it may possibly have fallen when the parcel was untied.' After looking under the table she shook the cloth, and the lost paper dropt upon the floor.

Mary looked surprised, and Harriett was observed to crimson. Mrs. Mayo made no comments, but requested that it might be read; which was no sooner done, than the committee reversed their

former decision, and gave another, as juries sometimes give their verdict, without retiring, in favour of Miss Lewis, at the same time politely expressing the hope that Miss Mildmay, having already received one of the prizes, would willingly relinquish the other.

It was some time before Mary moved from her seat, after it was evident that Mrs. Mayo awaited her. At length she passed very hastily to receive the prize ; and, instead of returning to her seat, left the room by an adjoining door, until she could recover herself a little. Refreshments were now ordered, and soon after the company took their leave.

What impression had been made upon their minds by the incident which I have related, it was impossible to say ; but Mrs. Mayo was perfectly aware that the lost composition could not have been *under* the table-cloth by accident. She requested the young ladies to wait a few moments before separating, declared her conviction that there had been intentional wrong committed against Miss Lewis, and her determination to investigate the affair in the morning.

The feelings of Harriett Mildmay that night were little to be envied. Though she had considerable hope of escaping detection, yet she did not feel quite easy on that score ; and then her morti-

fication had been greatly aggravated by the circumstances which attended the defeat of her hopes. To have been once preferred to the honour she so eagerly sought, and then to have been obliged to relinquish it the moment Mary's claim came in competition with hers, was worse than if she had only shared defeat with the other competitors.

It had been previously arranged that Mary and Sarah Lewis should remain that night and share a bed with some of Mrs. Mayo's boarders. It happened that Mary slept with one of them who had been on the committee of arrangements, and related to her the circumstance of Harriett Mildmay's taking her composition from the parcel, and replacing it again; and added, 'I was standing at a looking-glass opposite to the table at the time, and saw her slip another paper under the cloth, but I did not think any thing about it then. Mrs. Mayo says she shall examine us all in the morning, and you may depend upon it I shall give in my testimony.'

'O no!' said Mary, 'I wish you would not mention it to any body. It would be terrible to have Harriett disgraced before the whole school, and her chance of reformation would be much less after that.'

'But, then, happening to sit near Mrs. Mayo,

as she moved from her seat to the table, I whispered in her ear, "look under the cloth," for the solution of the mystery flashed into my mind all of a sudden, and now I must explain in order to exculpate myself.'

'Well, let me take the affair into my own hands,' said Mary, 'I will take care to save you from all blame or suspicion, and you must promise not to reveal what you know, without my leave.'

This promise obtained, Mary was glad to close her eyes to rest, for even the attainment of the prize was not sufficient to counteract the disagreeable effect which the incidents of the evening produced upon her mind; and she was glad to forget them in the oblivion of sleep.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning, she sought an interview with Mrs. Mayo, telling her that she believed she had discovered a solution of the mystery, and would communicate it upon condition that Mrs. Mayo would keep it a secret, and forego her designed investigation of the affair.

Mrs. Mayo replied that she thought the culprit, whoever it might be, deserved to be publicly disgraced; but nevertheless she would yield to Mary's generous intercession, reserving the right of private remonstrance and admonition.

When Mrs. Mayo had an explanation with Miss Mildmay, after commenting upon the extreme im-

propriety of her conduct, and the infamy as well as wickedness of attempting to gain her ends by fraud and injustice, she did not fail to inform her that she owed to Mary's magnanimous interference her exemption from public disgrace.

Harriett's heart was not yet so 'hardened' as to be unaffected by Mary's magnanimity. Though too proud to manifest a change of manner towards her at once, by degrees all trace of her former aversion disappeared, and a friendly intercourse was established between them.

It was fortunate for Harriett that such a crisis arrived. It opened her eyes to the great inconvenience as well as disgrace and wickedness of falsehood in all its forms, and produced a marked change in her character, which had considerable influence in improving that of the school.

When the time approached for the public examination, which was to take place at the close of the term, Mary proposed to Mrs. Mayo to resign her privilege of competing for the prize composition, in favour of a young lady who she knew was extremely anxious to obtain it, in order to gratify a beloved brother by whom she was supported at the school; and Harriett followed Mary's example.

We have not time to follow our favourite home, whither she returned with inexpressible delight,

and was welcomed with a joy corresponding to her own.

‘ Well, sister Louisa,’ she said, a few hours after her arrival, ‘ I have taken a peep into the world, and love my own little corner here better than ever; and I have, perhaps, learned to act for myself; but nevertheless I have no doubt I shall still be very glad to be saved that trouble occasionally.’

What she had seen, felt, heard and experienced, during her absence, constituted materials for many an entertaining conversation; these she called her ‘ *school fund*.’

The two cousins exhibited the same diversity of character in after life. Sarah became a mere woman of the world, in the inferior sense of that term, who acted from caprice and whim, rather than from principle, and proposed to herself amusement and display, as the chief objects of life. Mary, on the contrary, adopted for her motto, ‘ *l’utile est la belle*.’ Her refinement, her sweet manners, her intelligent and agreeable conversation, rendered her the charm of every circle where she was known; and when called upon to fulfil the higher relations of life, she took rank in that honourable class of devoted wives and devoted mothers, who find their highest gratification in a

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Les Deux Enfants

Les Deux Enfants

Uncle—LOUISE: *Many must live with me,*
And I'll give you, for company,
A pretty bird with glossy wings,
That hops about and sweetly sings.

1875

1875

1875

diligent and thorough performance of their appropriate duties. As a wife, she sympathised in all her husband's pursuits, and participated in all his interests; as a mother, she regarded the mind as the noblest part of the beings committed to her care, and moral loveliness as more attractive than personal beauty or accomplishment.

Mary was often heard to express the opinion, that although Sarah would never have been much distinguished for superior excellence, she might have been a much more rational woman, but for the unfortunate bias which her pliant character received at the genteel boarding school.

MY SISTER MARY.

BY MRS. CHILD.

*Uncle—*Louise! Mary must live with me,
And I'll give you, for company,
A pretty bird with glossy wings,
That hops about and sweetly sings.

Her garden, filled with lovely flowers,
Shall have two honey-suckle bowers,
And golden fish, in sparkling water,
If she will come and be my daughter.

Louisa—But she's *my* sister, Uncle Carey—
My own sweet loving sister Mary.
I cannot spare her for a day,
She helps me at my work and play ;
How I should cry if she were gone !
I could not dress my doll alone ;
Therefore, dear uncle, I do pray
You will not make her go away.
Good cousin Jane may live with you,
She has no little sister Loo.
You may give her the bright Canary,
And let me keep dear sister Mary.
I'm very sure she will not go
From little Loo, who loves her so.

Uncle—Now blessings on your gentle heart !
I should be loth to see ye part ;
E'en angels might rejoice like me,
In the pure love of infancy.
You need not cling to her in fear—
You shall not lose your playmate, dear ;
My words were merely meant to prove
The strength and fervour of your love ;
I will give her the bright Canary,
And she shall be *your* sister Mary.

THE CADET'S SISTER.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

Founded on Fact.

BY MISS LESLIE.

The scene is at Mrs. Lesmore's house in one of the towns on the banks of the Hudson—the time is the latter part of a summer afternoon—Mrs. Lesmore sewing at a table in her front parlour—Laura seated opposite to her, with her drawing materials.

LAURA. Dear mother, I believe I must put up my drawing for this day. I cannot draw as well even as usual, my mind being so much engrossed with the expectation of seeing my brother this afternoon. I feel too happy to think of any thing else. See, I have made the squaw's face quite too dark even for an Indian, and her child's hair looks as stiff as bristles. If I touch the warrior again, I shall certainly spoil him.

MRS. LESMORE. Your sketch is not so bad, my dear, as you describe it; but I think you had better give up drawing for the present. To-morrow you will feel more composed.

LAURA. I am sorry, for I had set my mind on finishing this group of Indians before Marcus came home; particularly as it is from an original design by a young officer that he is intimately acquainted with. Marcus, you know, is extremely desirous that I should improve in my drawing, and I hope in time to be able to sketch from nature and from my own imagination, almost as beautifully as he does.

MRS. LESMORE. Well, my dear, it gives me pleasure to tell you that you *do* improve rapidly. Mr. Mitford considers you one of his best pupils.

LAURA. And Marcus will be glad to find that I am head of the first class at French school. Now if I could only have taken lessons in music, what pleasure it would give me to play to Marcus after he comes home. However, as he is accustomed every morning and evening to hear the fine band at West Point, perhaps mere piano-playing might seem to him very insipid.

MRS. LESMORE. My dear, you must not regret that you cannot be instructed in music. I do not think you have any decided talent for that charming science, and your voice is not such as to authorize the hope that you would ever sing well.

LAURA. Still, dear mother, I might make up in application for what is wanting in natural genius. If I could be enabled to take lessons on the piano, you have no idea how attentive and assiduous my

instructor would find me. I would willingly practise five or six hours every day, and I would take such pains, and be so unremitting in my endeavours, that I think I should at length acquire as much proficiency as the generality of young girls.

MRS. LESMORE. There is no accomplishment more expensive than that of music. There is none that requires more time and closer attention, and there is none that is sooner forgotten. To play even tolerably, is frequently the work of years; and to play *well*, you must have constant instruction from an excellent and consequently an expensive teacher, and you must practise regularly and carefully for several hours every day. Then, after all, it is impossible to be a good musician without an excellent ear, considerable taste, and a large share of native genius. Also, a fine voice is indispensable, for ladies that play are generally expected to sing. There are many other considerations. Music is the most costly of all accomplishments. In the first place, a high price must be given for a good instrument; a good teacher, as I before remarked, always commands a large compensation; and a great deal of money must necessarily be expended in buying songs and pieces. I have always been of opinion that persons in moderate circumstances should not allow their children to be instructed in music unless they

evinced an extraordinary talent for it, or expect eventually to pursue it as a profession. Think yourself fortunate, my dear Laura, in having it in your power to learn drawing, dancing, and French; beside all the usual branches of a good English education.

LAURA. Well, mother, I have now put away all my drawing apparatus. Will you give me some sewing to pass away the time till Marcus arrives?

MRS. LESMORE. Yes, you may hem this frill.

LAURA. Some one rings at the front door. Perhaps it is dear Marcus, (*running to the window.*) Oh! no. It is that tiresome Mrs. Clapperton, come back already from New York. And she is as teasing and disagreeable as she is tiresome. She never visits us but to say something that is mortifying or painful, or to ask impertinent questions.

MRS. LESMORE. My dear Laura, you must not allow yourself to speak so freely of any acquaintance of the family.

LAURA. I am glad to hear you call her *an acquaintance* only. But I might have been sure you never classed her among your *friends*. Oh! how different she is from dear Mrs. Elwood, whose visits always make us cheerful and happy.

[*Mrs. Clapperton enters—very expensively dressed.*]

MRS. CLAPPERTON. My dear Mrs. Lesmore, I hope you are well. It seems an age since I last saw you. And my sweet Laura too—as industrious as ever, I suppose. Well, you are certainly right. There is no knowing what may happen, and your accomplishments may one day be turned to profitable account. It is a fine thing for girls to be able to get their own living.

[She sits down on a chair that Laura has placed for her.]

MRS. LESMORE. When did you return from New York, Mrs. Clapperton?

MRS. CLAPPERTON. I got home last evening about sunset.

MRS. LESMORE. I suppose you found the city as gay as usual.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Oh! quite as much so—dear, delightful Broadway was always so crowded that we found it difficult to get along. That is, on the west side, for it is not the fashion to walk on the other. And the Battery is thronged every evening.

MRS. LESMORE. Was the steam-boat very full yesterday when you came up?

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Yes, very—and I was glad that we were not to pass the night on board. Oh! I must not forget to tell you, Mrs. Lesmore, that on the day we went down to the city we heard a great deal about your son Marcus, from a cadet

named Wansley, that we took on board at West Point, and whom Mr. Clapperton suspected had been dismissed for some misdemeanor, because he talked so unfavourably of the academy and the professors and officers. You know that successful cadets generally speak highly of the institution and of all who are connected with it.

MRS. LESMORE. Was this cadet acquainted with my dear Marcus?

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Yes, I asked him; and he said that he knew Marcus Lesmore perfectly well. I must confess that he told me some strange things about him.

LAURA. I am sure he could tell you nothing to his disadvantage.

MRS. LESMORE. My son, I know, stands very high in his class.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. I made no inquiries on that subject; but I asked young Wansley if Marcus Lesmore was liked in the corps; that is, if he was popular with the other cadets.

MRS. LESMORE. I hope the answer was in the affirmative.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Why—not exactly—in short, my dear Mrs. Lesmore, I am sorry to tell you that your son does not seem to be a favourite with his companions.

LAURA. How is that possible?

MRS. LESMORE. I am indeed amazed. With his kind feelings and good temper, I see not how he can be otherwise than in favour with them.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Why, you know that boys seldom set much value on money, and that they usually spend it freely even when they have but little. It seems, however, that your son is so close an economist, that, to speak the plain truth, he has lost the regard of all his companions. None are now on terms of intimacy with him, and he has got the nickname of 'young Elwees.'

MRS. LESMORE. You astonish and distress me—if this is indeed true, how much my son must have changed!

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Every body is liable to change.

MRS. LESMORE. It cannot be true—it is incredible.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Few mothers will believe any thing against their children.

LAURA. (*With tears in her eyes.*) My dear brother to be nicknamed Elwees, after that wretched old miser. Why does not Marcus knock down every boy that calls him so?

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Oh! of course they take care not give him that appellation to his face. And even if they did, people are not very apt to

resent indignities when they are conscious of deserving them.

Mrs. LESMORE. Mrs. Clapperton, you both offend and afflict me. I doubt if your informant was able to support his allegation by any thing like proof.

Mrs. CLAPPERTON. Oh! yes, indeed—he went into particulars. For instance, Mr. Wansley told me that Marcus Lesmore is as saving as possible, even in his most trifling expenses, and that he acts as if every cent was to him an object of consequence. He is particularly careful of his clothes, and tries his utmost to make them last as long as possible. He never sends down to the city for new novels, or any other books of amusement. He has discontinued his newspaper, and does not take a single magazine. He never goes to the shop where they sell fruit and soda water. He has with his own hands made various little things for his room, rather than go to the expense of buying them. When the cadets have a ball he stays away because he will not be one of the subscribers to it; and for the same reason he is never seen at a concert or other entertainment. In short, he declines subscribing to any thing, and seems resolutely bent on saving as much money as possible. He has been going on in this penurious way for the last two years, therefore it is strange you should not have

heard something of it before this time. Oh! there is another thing I must not forget. During the summer recess he never, like the other cadets, asks permission to visit the city, but he remains in camp all the time.

MRS. LESMORE. Oh! no, not quite all the time—he always comes up to pass a few days with his mother and sister.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. But he goes no where else.

MRS. LESMORE. It is true that his anxiety to make the most of his time, while his education is yet unfinished, and his desire to improve in tactics (the branch which is particularly practised during encampment), has hitherto prevented him from paying us long visits. But this being his last year, he is now exempt from military duty, and he can remain with us several weeks, and next summer he will be commissioned. Still, I am surprised and shocked at what you tell me. My son's disposition was always generous and liberal; exactly like his father's.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Excuse me, my dear Mrs. Lesmore, but as Marcus knows that his father's liberality injured the circumstances of the family, perhaps he thinks it better to keep on the safe side, and accustom himself thus early to habits of strict economy. I admire his prudence, but I am sorry

he should go such lengths as to be accounted mean.

LAURA. Oh! but indeed, a mean boy is such an unnatural character. I am certain my dear Marcus cannot deserve it.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. Well, I can assure you that from what Mr. Wansley said, Marcus Lesmore has actually obtained that character, and is believed by the whole corps of cadets to deserve it. I am very sorry, for in the opinion of boys there is nothing more contemptible than a young miser. And I must own that I have never heard of his sending any little presents to his mother and sister.

MRS. LESMORE. Mrs. Clapperton, say nothing on that subject. He undoubtedly finds his pay little enough for his unavoidable expenses.

MRS. CLAPPERTON. How is it, then, that as young Wansley assured me the cadets can generally defray all their 'unavoidable expenses,' with their allowance of twenty-eight dollars a month, and have still something left for other purposes? So close as he is, I really think Marcus must by this time have saved a little fortune. He must have money in the bank, or perhaps he intends buying a house. Well, it is very prudent, though certainly not very common, for a boy of eighteen to think of providing for his old age.

Mrs. LESMORE. You must excuse me, Mrs. Clapperton, but I cannot bear any jesting at the expense of my son.

Mrs. CLAPPERTON. Well, do not be angry, but I have not told you the half that I heard about him. Wansley related some of the most curious anecdotes.

Mrs. LESMORE. What you have already told has given me so much pain, that I would rather hear no more.

Mrs. CLAPPERTON. Your Marcus is certainly very different from my William, whose money flies as if it was dust. He is never satisfied except when he is down at New York; and when there, he goes every night to the theatre, and frequently to a ball after the play is over. He is continually hiring horses and gigs, and going on water-parties. And he never spends less than a dollar a day at the confectioner's or oyster houses. Then, since his trip to Philadelphia, he will not wear even a light summer jacket, unless it is made at Watson's. But I like to see a boy of spirit, and I make his father indulge him in every thing he wants. However, I must now take my leave, for I expect in the next boat five new dresses, which were not quite finished before I left the city; and I must despatch John to the wharf to be ready to get the boxes. If you call to-morrow morning I will show

them to you. They are all in the very first style. So good b'ye.

MRS. LESMORE. Good afternoon, Mrs. Clapperton.

[*Laura accompanies Mrs. Clapperton to the door, and then returns.*]

LAURA. (*Bursting into tears*). Oh! my dear mother!

MRS. LESMORE. My beloved girl, I am as much grieved and mortified as you can be, at what Mrs. Clapperton has been telling us.

LAURA. I am sure it cannot be true.

MRS. LESMORE. There is undoubtedly some exaggeration, both on the part of Mrs. Clapperton and that of the cadet who was her informant. But the charge is of so unusual a nature that I fear it must have some foundation, otherwise no one would dare to advance it.

LAURA. I believe it to be mere slander. But Marcus is so sensible and so amiable, that it is surprising he should have a single enemy.

MRS. LESMORE. Whatever may be the good qualities of a young man, he will never be popular with his associates if they have reason to suspect him of any thing that borders on parsimony. In the eyes of youth meanness is an unpardonable fault.

LAURA. But how he must have changed! When

he was a boy at home, his money was always laid out in some way or other as soon as it was given to him. And he was so generous to his friends and to me, and so willing to share *whatever* he had.

MRS. LESMORE. It is true, as Mrs. Clapperton rudely and ill-naturedly reminded us, that Marcus has never sent even the most trifling present to you or to me.

LAURA. Oh! dearest mother, never allude to that again. I dare say he finds his pay quite little enough.

MRS. LESMORE. But if other cadets can live on their pay, and still allow themselves many indulgences—Oh! Laura, Laura, I fear indeed, that all is not right.

LAURA. Oh! that Marcus would arrive, and then we might immediately ascertain the truth.

MRS. LESMORE. It is torture to think ill of him even for a few moments.

LAURA. I hear a wheelbarrow stop at the door; it must be Marcus's baggage—(*she runs to the window*) ah! here he is!

MRS. LESMORE. My dear Marcus!

[*They hasten to the front door, and then return to the parlour with Marcus, who throws his cap on the table, and seats himself on the sofa between his mother and sister.*]

MARCUS. Well, my dear mother, here I am

once more. We had every thing to make our passage from West Point delightful; but still it seemed to me a very long one—I was so impatient to arrive at my beloved home.

MRS. LESMORE. How much you have grown! You look half a head taller than when we last saw you.

LAURA. And how much handsomer you are now, than before you went to West Point.

MARCUS. (*smiling*) You must allow something for my uniform—(*a pause*) But, my dear mother, you look disturbed and uneasy, and Laura has certainly been in tears. What has happened?—tell me at once.

LAURA. Did you never hear of any one crying with joy?

MARCUS. But joy is not the cause of the tears that are *now* filling your eyes. I have more penetration than to believe that the only emotion you feel at this moment is pleasure on seeing me again, after a long separation. There is something else—something has happened—some recent cause of affliction—some new misfortune.

MRS. LESMORE. Oh! no—no—

MARCUS. Dearest mother, tell me the whole—neither you nor Laura receive me as you did when I came home last summer. Something, I am sure, is wrong.

MRS. LESMORE. Marcus—I *will* tell you.

LAURA. (*in a low voice to Mrs. Lesmore*) Dear mother, do not say any thing about the cadets calling him 'young Elwees.'

MRS. LESMORE. Mrs. Clapperton has just been here, having recently returned from New York.

MARCUS. I am glad her visit to you was over before my arrival. I think her a very foolish, impertinent woman.

MRS. LESMORE. When she was going down the river, a cadet (probably one that had just been dismissed) came on board at West Point. Mrs. Clapperton got into conversation with him, and asked some questions concerning you.

MARCUS. May I know what he said of me?

MRS. LESMORE. He said that—how can I tell you—I know not in what manner to begin.

LAURA. Oh! dear mother, tell it not at all—at least not till to-morrow. Let us try to be as happy as we can this first evening of Marcus's return.

MARCUS. My curiosity is now so highly excited that I must entreat, and, were I not addressing my mother, I would say, I must *insist* on knowing.

MRS. LESMORE. Well, then, Marcus, I have been surprised and mortified to hear that you are accused by your companions of an extraordinary disposition to—to—what shall I call it?

LAURA. To economize rather strictly. Dear mother, you know that economy is a virtue.

[*Marcus rises, and traverses the room in much emotion.*]

MRS. LESMORE. In plain terms—that you are more saving of your money than is usual, or indeed becoming in a youth of your age. That you carefully avoid every expense that is not absolutely necessary. That you join in no amusement which is likely to cost you any thing, and that you take the utmost pains to live on as little as possible. .

MARCUS. It is all true.

LAURA. True !—Oh Marcus!

MRS. LESMORE. Can it indeed be true, that you have carried your economy so far that it is remarked and commented upon by all the cadets, and that some of them look coldly on you, while others ridicule you ?

MARCUS. I know they do—and they have nicknamed me ‘young Elwees.’

LAURA. Oh ! Marcus ! Why is all this ?

MARCUS. Have you not always told me, dear mother, that every one should endeavour to live within his income—is it then right that I should expend the whole of mine ?

MRS. LESMORE. I have always supposed that your pay is no more than sufficient for the expenses incident to your situation.

MARCUS. Excuse me, dear mother, it *is* more than sufficient.

MRS. LESMORE. But not if you live like other cadets. I am extremely sorry that this singular and strict economy should have made you unpopular with your comrades; but a young man that is suspected of meanness never has many friends.

MARCUS. Have you heard any thing else against me? Has any one told you that I have neglected my studies, or infringed on the rules of the institution; that I have on any occasion evinced a refractory or insubordinate spirit; or that I have ever been guilty of any thing dishonourable or immoral?

MRS. LESMORE. Oh! no, no—all that we have heard, all that we know, convinces us of the contrary.

MARCUS. Then, as, according to the old aphorism, 'every one has his fault,' let me beg a little indulgence for mine.

MRS. LESMORE. But, Marcus, parsimony, or meanness, if I must speak plainly, is a fault so unusual, so extraordinary in a very young person, that I own it both surprises and grieves me to hear it attributed to you.

LAURA. Dear brother, only just tell us why you are so saving of your clothes, and why you avoid partaking of the few amusements that are within

your reach ; and above all, why you have discontinued your newspaper ?

MARCUS. As to my clothes, no one can say that I ever make a shabby or slovenly appearance.

LAURA. You certainly look very nicely now.

MARCUS. As to amusements, they are always matters of taste. My companions amuse themselves in their way, and I in mine.

LAURA. But we have heard that you never buy any books—you that were always so fond of reading !

MARCUS. I have not yet read all the books in the public library belonging to the academy.

LAURA. But books of amusement, dear Marcus.

MARCUS. I shall have time enough after I am commissioned to read books of that description. At present it is my duty to restrict myself to such works as will be useful to me in my profession, and with these I can amply supply myself from the library.

LAURA. All this is very right and proper, Marcus, but still it is not like a boy.

MRS. LESMORE. Marcus, there is some mystery connected with this subject. I know that your natural disposition is generous and liberal, and that your perseverance in this system of rigid economy must have cost you many painful sacrifices. There must be some powerful motive, and

your family ought to know it. Tell us, then, dear Marcus.

[*He remains silent.*]

LAURA. Oh! Marcus, will you not speak when your sister, your only sister, entreats you?

MRS. LESMORE. Or must you be told that your mother *commands* you?

[*Marcus bows to his mother, casts down his eyes, and then throws his arms round Laura's neck.*]

LAURA. Dear Marcus, why have you so long been acting unlike yourself? What is the cause?

MARCUS. (*deeply affected*)—You, Laura, you are the cause.

LAURA. I—Oh! explain yourself.

MARCUS. (*taking a hand of each*)—Mother—sister—what shall I say?—You know that my father left you in circumstances far from affluent. Fortunately he had yielded to my earnest desire, and permitted me to prepare myself at West Point for a military life. I had often, after you became a widow, heard you regret your inability to afford my sister such an education as she would have had if my father still lived. I, in the mean time, was enjoying the benefit of an excellent course of instruction at the expense of my country; and when I thought of my dear Laura, I often wished that she was a boy, and could participate in the same advantages. But then again, I consoled

myself by reflecting on her happiness in being always with her mother, and on the mutual comfort and pleasure you both derived from being always together. Knowing that the narrowness of your income would not permit either of you to mix much in society, and that you live in comparative retirement, I anticipated the satisfaction it would give you both if Laura could be enabled to cultivate the talents that Heaven has bestowed on her. And when impressed with this idea, after the thought had once struck me—how shall I go on?—in short, I determined to live as economically as possible myself, in the hope of being able, at the end of the year, to save enough to meet the expenses of my sister's education.

LAURA. (*in tears*)—Dear, dear Marcus.

MARCUS. I tried the experiment, and I found it practicable; but I did not wish my mother and sister to know it, lest they should refuse to accept the fruits of my savings. Therefore, I always contrived to send the money down to New York, that the letter which enclosed it might not have the West Point post mark. I wrote in a disguised hand a few lines implying that this money was the gift of an unknown friend of the late Colonel Lesmore, and that it was designed to assist in the education of his daughter. All is now explained.

MRS. LESMORE. (*embracing him*)—My beloved son!

LAURA. (*Pressing his hand to her heart*)—My darling brother.

MRS. LESMORE. How could I for a moment suppose that my dear Marcus might be unable to justify himself, however appearances and reports were against him. And now, my child, I have some excellent news for you, which I heard but yesterday, and which I have not yet disclosed to Laura, as I wished to reserve it as an addition to our happiness on the evening of your arrival at home. Mr. Adamson, by whose bankruptcy your father was ruined, has just returned from the West Indies, where he has made a fortune by some lucky speculations. He is now able to pay all his creditors, and, being a very conscientious man, he is determined to do it immediately. The sum that will fall to our share is large enough to enable us in future to dispense with any further assistance from the kindness of dear Marcus. We shall now have an income that will be amply sufficient.

LAURA. Delightful news!

MRS. LESMORE. And now, my dear Marcus, you must promise me that on your return to West Point you will be again yourself, and cease to practise that rigid economy which, while it was so advantageous to your sister, must have subjected you to perpetual inconveniences and annoyances.

MARCUS. Dear mother, I will do as you wish

me; and now that I have no longer the motive for self-denial, I confess that I shall re my former, and let me add, my natural habits, pleasure. My comrades shall again see me i own character. But I can assure you tha satisfaction in the thought of being able to b my dear Laura, amply compensated for any or inconvenience that I endured in consequen

LAURA. How could you persevere so when the cadets ridiculed you, and called y young miser?

MARCUS. I bore the opprobrium patiently cause I knew it to be unmerited. It is much e to suffer under an erroneous imputation, th endure the shame and self-reproach of a real

MRS. LESMORE. You have chosen, my Marcus, the profession of arms, and should peace of our country be again invaded, you in the hour of danger, take your chance for l death; and as personal intrepidity is one c attributes of your sex, I trust that when the comes you will not swerve from your duty. how highly to be prized is that moral co which, in a good cause, can submit without sh ing to daily and hourly privations, and e with patience the painful suspicion of a fault opposite to the truth.

There are many who, with unshaken firm

in 'see the front of battle lour,' but the energy of mind is far more rare that can steadily submit to a long course of self-denial, to unjust animadversions, and to unmerited ridicule, and find sufficient consolation in the silent and secret exercise of the best feelings of generosity and affection.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

BY H. F. GOULD.

' I am a pebble, and yield to none,'
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone.
' Nor change nor season can alter me,
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt,
Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.
None can tell of the pebble's birth,
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of man arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass.

And many a foot on me has trod
That 's gone from sight, and under the sod !
I am a pebble ! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough ?

The acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment, abashed and mute.
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere,
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length, she said, in a gentle tone,
' Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel.'
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak ;
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The pebble looked up, and wondering said,
' A modest acorn ! never to tell
What was enclosed in her simple shell—

That the pride of the forest was then shut up
Within the space of her little cup !
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And, oh ! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I.
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled pebble again be heard,
Till something without me, or within,
Can show the purpose for which I 've been !'
The pebble could not its vow forget,
And it lies there, wrapped in silence, yet.

THE JUVENILE BALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LIGHTS OF EDUCATION.'

‘Well,’ cried Charles Moreton, on his return from a youthful assembly, with his sister Anna, ‘if I were to see a brother of mine behave as those little urchins did, at Mrs. Austin’s, I should take him out pretty quickly, I know. Anna, did you see the Ogdens?’

‘Yes,’ answered Anna, ‘one of them took the last cake from a waiter as the servant handed it to me, and then said, that the young ladies could get no refreshments, but many of the other boys were just as bad.’

‘I dare say they were,’ said Charles, ‘and *many* of the *girls* behaved shamefully too; I think they eat enough to make themselves sick for a week.’

‘I know they did, Charles, and I was so afraid Mrs. Austin and the other ladies would believe me as bad as the rest, that I did not eat a thing the whole night, so I intend to have a little bread and

butter now, and may be you would like to have some, Charles, for I suppose you were too scornful to eat in such a society of ill behaved children, and you almost *sixteen*.'

'Oh no, Miss Anna, I was not too *scornful* by any means, if I had had a chance; but I suppose I know more of the manners of a *gentleman* than to run about after the servants, as these little monkeys did.'

'Well, children,' said Mrs. Moreton, 'it appears from this that you have both returned from a feast unsatisfied, and I am glad to find that you were more attentive to preserve your good manners than to destroy your good appetites, which shall now be more healthfully exercised.'

While the young people were enjoying their excellent supper of bread and butter and milk, Mrs. Moreton expressed her surprise that such impoliteness as they described should be suffered to appear at any party where grown people presided.

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed Charles, with all the consequence of sixteen, 'what can two or three grown people do among such a mob of children—boys no bigger than George, and girls that can hardly walk, the little fat things: they are all *Misters* and *Misses*, to be sure—Miss *Dumpling* and Mr. *Lumpkin*. But you can have no idea what

babies they are. I suppose George is not going to Mrs. Calvert's, is he, mother ?

George, who was very diligently studying his lessons, lifted up his head for the second time, as his name was mentioned, and now looked appealingly to his mother and his sister Sophia, who was a year or two older than Charles.

‘I hope George has learned to conduct himself properly,’ said Mrs. Moreton, ‘and for that reason he shall go.’

‘Well, I guess it is the last *children's* party that I shall ever go to, even if I am *invited*; and since I must take care how George minds his lessons in good manners, I'm sure I will not have much pleasure in this.’

‘Why, Charles,’ said Sophia, ‘I think you give yourself more uneasiness than is necessary about George's behaviour, for, in general, he is a very polite little boy; I never saw *him* keep his seat, while his sisters were standing; and I believe, brother, when papa and mama are both away, he always offers the choice of the arm-chairs to you.’

‘Oh yes! it is easy enough for him to be civil, when he is by himself; but wait till he gets with boys of his own size; and then, Sophia, *you* would not like to be a whole evening watching him, and have no pleasure yourself.’

‘No; and for that reason, I would not watch him so much, as to let him have no pleasure either.’

‘But I intend to watch him, Sophia, and take care that he does not disgrace his family; I’ve seen too much of it with other boys.’

‘Well, Charles,’ said Mrs. Moreton, now interposing, ‘if you please, we will put a stop to this disagreeable discussion. I hope I could trust George to take care of his sister and himself, were you to decline Mrs. Calvert’s invitation.’

‘But, mama,’ said George, for the first time discomposing his philosophy so far, as to join in this debate, ‘if Charles thinks he would like to go to the party, only for me, I could stay at home; I don’t much care about it.’

‘No, George,’ said his mother, ‘though, I dare say, there will be many young gentlemen and ladies at this entertainment, who fancy themselves men and women; yet, as the eldest of Mrs. Calvert’s children is scarcely eleven, her invitation is really more adapted to you; and therefore, I intend, if your father has no objection, that you shall go.’

Mr. Moreton now came in from another room, where he had been writing; and soon after George retired to rest. When he was gone,

Mrs. Moreton spoke to Charles very reasonably, on his treatment of this little brother.

‘You ought to remember, Charles, that he is not ten years old, and, therefore, his faults are excusable; especially, when a word or two judiciously said is often sufficient to correct them; and I must say, that of all my children, he appears to possess in the greatest degree, the *untaught principle* of civility. I am sure you observe every day, the extremely polite temper with which he receives your reprimands.’

Mrs. Moreton uttered these last words with a pleasant smile, which Charles could not avoid returning.

‘Well, I think any person may be good tempered, if he is either a boy or a man; but it does put a *fellow out so much* to be neither one thing nor another.’

‘Then, Charles,’ said his father, laughing, ‘let me advise you to cultivate a little of George’s philosophy, that you may go more smoothly along this tiresome stage of our journey through life.’

‘And do you think, father, that George is always so easy as he seems at home, and nothing ever puts him in a passion? I know I saw him knock a boy over yesterday, about his own size; and he never told me what it was for.’

‘Did you ask him?’

‘No, I did not, sir; I told him to go in the house though, and let the boy alone.’

‘And was the boy more communicative?’

‘No, sir, for while I was talking to George, he sneaked off.’

‘No great sign of his being in the right. But, my dear, (speaking to Mrs. Moreton,) ask George about the affair; and if *he* was in the *wrong*, I will not let him go to this party.’

‘Oh! I am sure, sir, George must have had provocation,’ cried Charles, in a moment, sensible that his petulance rendered him unkind.

‘We will soon know, however,’ said his father. ‘I do not suppose, my love, that George is yet undressed; will you go to him?’

Mrs. Moreton instantly complied. When she entered George’s room, she found him seated on a low chair at the foot of his bed, slowly pulling off his stockings, very slowly indeed, while his eyes were fixed admiringly on a splendid red bird, of South America, beautifully preserved, and given to him by a Spanish gentleman, for saying ‘*Como esta usted, señor* ;’ and he had hung it up opposite to his bed, that he might contemplate the bright colours as soon as he opened his eyes every morning; when may be his reflections took a *fabulous* range over the countries the bird had

passed through ; but as he never made a confession of this, we have no right to take it for granted.

‘George,’ said Mrs. Moreton, ‘I am come to ask you something.’

‘Then will you sit down, mama? may be you want my little chair;’ and he slid off on the floor, quietly continuing his employment, but turning his eyes from the object of their admiration, to his mother. She smiled as she took the seat.

‘What was the cause of your quarrel with that boy yesterday? Your father wishes to know, George.’

‘The boy that I hit, mother—did Charles tell father about it?’

‘Yes, but then he said you must have had some provocation.’

‘No, I had not, mother; the boy never did any thing to me; but he had no business to want to come into our yard, after that poor kitten, and go to kill it.’

‘What kitten, George?’

‘Why, a poor little cat he was flinging stones at ever so often; it did not belong to him; but when I told him to quit, he struck me, and so I gave it back. He was not much bigger than I, though may be he considered himself “a touch above *hypocrisy*,” as Charles says.’

Mrs. Moreton laughed at this version of her son's favourite phrase. Whenever he meant to express an *assumption* of superiority in any respect, he would say, 'it was a touch above *mediocrity*;' but this word, translating to suit his own capacity, George now rendered *hypocrisy*, which, being rather better suited to the undisguised pretensions of vanity and pride, the phrase was afterwards laughingly adopted with that amendment.

'Well, George, I see nothing to blame in your conduct, as you state it. But what became of the cat?'

'Why, the cook said it might stay here to catch mice; so we feed it.'

'Very well, my dear. Now, good night, and do not let your bird make you forget your prayers.'

'Oh, it could not do that, mother, even if it was to talk. Indeed, may be then it would tell me, I must pray a great deal more to One who made such a nice bird, and me.'

'My dear little fellow,' cried Mrs. Moreton, 'if every person cherished such holy thoughts of the divine Creator, we should not see Him so often apparently forsaking the work of his own hands. Continue, my child, thus gratefully to love him, and he never will forsake you.'

She then returned to the parlour, and related

her conversation with George ; to which his father and sister listened with unmixed pleasure ; but Charles, whose feeling heart was now forcibly struck with the harshness of his judgment, heard it with a countenance at one time softened by tears, and another brightened by smiles, while he internally resolved to guard vigilantly over the sallies of a temper, that was less apt to remark with wisdom than with anger the faults of those who were entered on the period of existence which he had just left, for one more difficult still, where presumption is no greater security from temptation, and error is so much more dangerous. But to return to the story.

The evening of the party at length arrived ; and while Charles, who had been detained rather late in his father's office, was attiring himself, with particular neatness, Miss Moreton gave a few words of advice to George and her little sister, who were already dressed, and in the parlour.

“ But I wish, Sophia,” said Anna, “ that you would tell brother to let George have a little pleasure by himself. Charles has forgot all about the other night.”

“ Oh ! then I shall speak to him. I am sure George will behave politely. You know, my dear (addressing him) that you are very easily made ill, and so for this reason too you must only eat a little

of the nice things that are handed to you, and never take any that are not.'

'Charles says *he* will help *me*,' said George, while he drew out his little cambric handkerchief, and quietly wiped a tear from each eye.

'Never mind, George,' said his sister, soothingly. 'I will speak to Charles, and tell him to let you alone, if you do not behave *badly*—here he comes,'—and Charles entered the room.

His slight and uncommonly graceful person was set off with becoming attire, and his accommodating locks, easily yielding to the prevailing mode, waved lightly over a brow, where honour and talent appeared seated. Perhaps his sister may be pardoned for regarding him with some admiration, if not for telling him, while she did so; that she thought *this evening* he was *rather a good looking* youth.

'Indeed, I think so myself, Sophia,' said Charles, while, smiling at this partly real, partly assumed vanity, he strode forward, with a considerable display of his small feet, toward a large mirror, that reflected his entire person, where he contemplated his figure with much affected complacency.

Mr. and Mrs. Moreton were not in the room, and Sophia thought she had a good opportunity, while he seemed so well pleased with himself, to say something to Charles in favour of his brother.

‘Oh! Sophia, do not make yourself uneasy about the *children*; they will enjoy themselves at all events—they have a better chance than I; George looks quite handsome to-night, so I dare say the Miss Calverts will patronize him; and Anna must feel quite happy, when *Tommy* and *Sammy* are both invited.’

Anna, who was only thirteen, laughed heartily at this jest of her brother; for though it had been repeated every time they were invited to spend an evening out, during the whole season, it had not yet lost its zest; for all she had by no means invited the attentions of the little gentlemen in question.

Mr. and Mrs. Moreton here entered the room, and when they saw their children in such perfect good humour, for even George was then smiling at his brother’s lively sallies, (of which he was a great admirer,) they thought, I dare say, and with reason, that three more interesting young persons would not appear among the number assembling that night.

When they arrived at Mr. Calvert’s, they were immediately conducted into the room where Mrs. Calvert was conversing with a few ladies who had come to witness this juvenile rout. The young people, to the great number of two hundred, nearly covering the area of two lofty apartments,

looked like a fresh blow of spring flowers. Mrs. Calvert received the Moretons with peculiar pleasure, and introduced them to the other ladies. She had often remarked the pleasing and gentlemanly behaviour of Charles in company, while she knew Anna was a general favourite with persons of all ages, being at once sensible and innocent, pretty and not vain. George was as yet a young stranger; and when Mrs. Calvert requested his brother to attend particularly to the ladies who were nearest his own age, and who might require in some degree the presence of such a master of ceremonies, George wandered through the rooms, little noticed as he thought, and free to reap his own harvest of enjoyment. All Mrs. Calvert's children were pretty, and the two oldest, being about his own size, attracted his particular attention. He presented them with several choice effusions from the poets who write upon sugar plumbs; and he would have danced with them all night, had he been instructed in this accomplishment. However, whenever he saw they were in want of partners, he would endeavour to prevail on the little gentlemen who attended practising balls to hand them out, though his polite attention was not always crowned with the success it deserved. Some fancied themselves too awkward, others preferred the company of the dark waiters, a few

suffered themselves to be led within a short distance, when, finding they were not assisted in their advances by the encouragement of these inexperienced belles, they drew back with rude modesty, and returned to join again in the pursuits of their uncouth companions, who now began to fill the apartments with noise and confusion, to the dismay of the lady of the house. She never having before given way to the popular tide in favour of children's balls, was now utterly at a loss how to act, without offending the parents of the young persons, whose rudeness she observed ; some of whom, strange as it may appear, were themselves of the best educated and politest class, and who would, no doubt, have been shocked, had they witnessed the ill-bred conduct of so many of their sons, and I am sorry that truth compels me to add, too many of their daughters. But the scene perhaps will be best described in the language of some of the older ladies and gentlemen, who now maintained the position of observers, though formerly they might not have been very different from the characters they were criticising.

‘ Did you ever see such rude children ? ’ said one of those to Anna Moreton. ‘ Look at all the boys round that waiter, the servants can’t get near the girls, to give them any thing.’

‘ Oh, yes, they can,’ cried another young lady,

‘ for I saw a little one just now throw the lemonade out of her glass, into a boy’s face, and she, at least, got too much.’

‘ Oh! how shockingly rude!’

‘ Yes, but indeed the boy provoked her; he kept throwing papers on her head all the evening.’

‘ I wonder what boy it was,’ said Anna innocently.

‘ It was that one with fair hair standing near Amelia Calvert.’

‘ Are you sure?’ asked Anna.

‘ Oh yes! I know it was that very one; I’ve seen him running about all the evening.’

Anna said no more, though she felt deeply mortified—it was her brother George.

Just as this occurred, another young lady joined them, laughing at first immoderately, and then exclaiming, ‘ Well, I never did see any thing so ridiculous as these little girls. I do believe some of them had their heads dressed by Daix—and to hear how they talk of fashion and the beaux! I declare it is quite a farce. Just come over, and listen to them; they will not observe us, if we keep from laughing.’

They were going, when, at the moment, a young gentleman came up to ask Anna’s hand for the next dance,—so her companions left her and

crossed the room to the little group of chatterers, assembled in a corner, to talk over the important matters we have mentioned. No one, of course, could have expected a rational conversation from such a confusion of voices, but any one might have been astonished at the full-grown absurdity of the sentences that occasionally extended beyond the ears of the infant listeners, in the shrillness of the infant tongue.

‘Elizabeth, he must be in love with you.’

‘Oh! miss, an’t you ashamed?’

‘Why, doesn’t he walk with you from school every day?’

‘No, miss, he does not.’

‘Elizabeth, how can you say so? Don’t I see him? And I know *this much*, that you’re in love with him.’

‘It’s no such thing, miss, I hate him worse than a rattlesnake. Don’t *you* think he’s *horrid ugly*?’

‘No—I think he’s *beautiful*.’

‘Isn’t that a pretty frock of Maria Wilson’s?’ exclaimed another voice from the crowd.

‘No—I saw a heap of that stuff at Selcheap’s—Ma never buys any thing there; she says they keep such mean goods, she would not have them for a gift. Ma always buys my frocks at Cost-

more's, if they're ever so much dearer. But look, I declare all the boys are coming over here. Did you ever see such behaviour?

‘What shall we do?’

‘Let us go and sit down.’

‘Oh! they're not coming here after all—they are going over to sit on the sofa, and eat all the things they have in their pockets.’

‘Yes, so they are; and they'll just throw those two little babies down, that are playing there. An't *they* a great deal *too small* to be here?’

‘Oh! they are Mrs. Calvert's own babies; and I suppose the nurses will take them out again presently. I *do think* they are the sweetest little things—let us go over and see them,’—and with this convenient excuse, they all moved toward the young gentlemen. When they were gone, their fair critics laughed heartily at the folly of such premature disciples of fashion; notwithstanding they exposed themselves to an equal share of ridicule from those who were older than they.

‘It is a pity there are so few large boys here this evening; they are so much better behaved,’ said one.

‘Indeed I never observed it,’ said the other, ‘I know some of them, last night at Mrs. Albright's, drank such a quantity of Champagne, that they couldn't behave *at all*.’

‘Oh! that was only John Mackintosh and his set—but did you ever see such a genteel, handsome boy as Charles Moreton? I declare he is quite elegant. He wanted me to take his arm, and walk about the rooms with him just now; but I didn’t like—I thought it would look so conspicuous at a private party.’

‘Oh! indeed I think so *too*—I wouldn’t have done it for any thing;’ but the young lady said this in a tone which seemed to betray some latent mortification that the offer had not been made to her.

‘Is that Charles Morton’s brother?’ asked her companion, ‘the little boy with white hair just before you—some one said it was.’

‘Indeed I hope it is not, for he’s one of the worst boys here; and I told Anna Morton so, a minute before you came up to us; and she will certainly be angry if he is her brother.’

The dancing now commenced again, and at its close, the last refreshments were handed round, and the servants in the usual manner incommoded by the young gentlemen. Mrs. Calvert, completely tired, no longer exerted herself to restore order throughout this chaos; and the ladies who were with her had scarcely succeeded in their best endeavours to correct any of the abuses of the evening.

A man with a heavy salver now entered a door, near which had been placed, rather injudiciously, a beautiful lamp; and just as he reached the stand on which it shone, he stumbled, and in trying to recover his footing, the lamp was overturned, and its contents spilled upon a splendid carpet; the only one which had not been removed for the dancers. The apartment seemed for a moment obscured; and immediately a crowd of inquirers rushed in to know how the accident happened.

‘Why, madam,’ said the servant to Mrs. Calvert, ‘it was just on account of that young gentleman, who has been following me all about the passages, and every where, to take the things away; so, as I came by the lamp, he was behind, and tripped me up; and that’s the way it got knocked over.’

All eyes were now turned on the delinquent, who looked perfectly aghast—it was George Moreton. Anna’s distress could scarcely be concealed.

‘Charles, I think you forgot to watch your brother to-night,’ said one young gentleman.

‘That’s worse than *mine ever* did,’ said another.

‘I am glad to find that *my* brothers are not the worst boys in Baltimore,’ cried a third.

‘Charles Moreton said they *were*,’ added a fourth; while Charles, whose anger was more

strongly excited by these remarks, seized the child by the arm, and, shaking him not very gently, asked him how he came to break the lamp.

‘If I did break it, I didn’t mean to do it,’ cried George, bursting into tears.

‘Then what were you doing by the stand?’

‘I was looking at the picture behind the door.’

‘Yes, the picture of *cakes* and *comfits* on the waiter, I suppose. Come, sir, you and I had better go home. Anna, will you please to get your cloak and bonnet?’

‘Charles,’ said Anna, weeping at the sight of her little brother’s tears, ‘perhaps George did not do it.’

‘Mrs. Calvert,’ continued Charles, paying no attention to his sister, ‘we are very sorry—Anna and I—that George has behaved so badly; I am sure my father will punish him; and I think he must see now himself, that he *is too small* to go to parties.’

At this, George’s tears redoubled, and he was taken home, a most unhappy little boy. The rest of the company separated soon after; none perfectly satisfied with *all* the events of the evening; and Mrs. Calvert dismissed her daughters to their late rest, with these memorable words,—‘Now, children, I will never hear you express a wish for

such a party again ; I would be glad if your indulgent uncle had not persuaded me to give you this ; but remember it is the first and the last that you shall have seen, before your education is completed.'

She then bid them good night, with her usual affection ; and I am happy to state, that the little girls' sleep was not in the least retarded by what she had said.

When George reached home, with his indignant brother, and his pitying sister, he found his parents sitting up for them in the parlour ; and with pain they listened to Charles's account of his conduct, to which Anna could not add one extenuating word.

'Why,' said his father, 'did you behave in this manner, George? Were all those nice things only tempting my son to forget he was ever to be a gentleman?'

'I did not think I was eating too much, when they handed the cakes to me, father,' sobbed out the child.

'Oh! I am sorry you conducted yourself so disgracefully, George—but go to bed.'

Poor George retired with a breaking heart, and eyes too full of tears to see his beautiful red-bird. He wept himself to sleep, and dreamed he was a *guinea-pig*.

The next day was the last of the week ; and Mrs. Calvert's house could scarcely be arranged, before the young ladies and gentlemen, now disengaged from school, came to pay their respects to the *Misses Calvert*, after their party. But those little girls not being permitted by their mother a circle of morning visitors, even on a Saturday, they showed a fashionable attention by leaving their cards.

The last ring of the bell, however, announced a visitor to Mrs. Calvert, and the lady was admitted. She held a little boy by the hand, who seemed very anxious to escape, casting many looks back upon the door ; but the lady urged him forward, and introduced him as her son.

‘ Mrs. Calvert, he has come to make an apology for his conduct last night. What did you do, my son ? Tell this lady.’

‘ I broke a lamp,’ said he, with sturdy resolution.

‘ Oh, no, my dear, I understand it was a son of Mr. Moreton that caused one of the servants to overturn it.’

‘ No, it was not he, it was I ; but I never said so till mother saw oil on my clothes, and then I would not tell a lie.’

‘ And you never thought another little boy might be blamed for your fault ?’

‘ No, for I ran away as fast as I could; but I saw one standing just before the lamp, looking at a picture, when the door opened; and so, when I was gone, I dare say they thought it was he that broke it.’

‘ And are you the same boy that offended a little girl so much, that she threw a glass of lemonade at you?’

‘ Yes, but she had no business to do that.’

‘ Certainly—I am not excusing her, I am only concerned for your offences at present. Were you particularly troublesome to the servants, following them through the house?’

The child was silent; he seemed growing sullen.

‘ I merely ask, my dear, because for all the rudeness of another this little Moreton has been blamed.’

‘ Well, they had no business to blame him, if he did not do it.’

‘ That was rightly said, sir, and proves that you have correct principles at least, if you are not always the politest little boy; and so I think you will come with me to Mr. Moreton’s.’

The boy looked at his mother.

‘ You must go with Mrs. Calvert, my son.’

‘ But you will come with us, mother?’

‘ No, Edward, I have not the least acquaintance with Mrs. Moreton, and Mrs. Calvert must have

the trouble of introducing you. And remember, my son, to tell every circumstance that can vindicate the boy, who has no doubt suffered a great deal on your account.'

Mrs. Calvert was soon attired for her walk, and the ladies left the house together, but parted before they reached Church street, where Mr. Moreton resided. When Mrs. Calvert entered the house, the family had all assembled, for it was near the dinner hour; and she was very politely received by every one except George, who, confined to one corner, and kept hard at study, did not consider himself as one of the company. Mrs. Calvert called him over to her.

'Father will not let me,' said the poor little fellow.

'But I have something particular to say to you. Mr. Moreton, will you permit your son to leave his seat?'

'Certainly, madam, if you desire it;' and he led George forward. Mrs. Calvert then called out, 'Come in, Edward Eccleston.'

The young gentleman obeyed; and, to the astonishment of every one, when the two boys met, they exhibited such an extraordinary resemblance, though unconnected by any degree of relationship, that you might easily have taken them together for twins, and apart for each other.

‘Now, Master Eccleston,’ continued Mrs. Colvert, ‘will you tell who was really guilty of all the rude actions for which this boy was condemned last night? You know the offender.’

‘Yes, ma’am, it was I.’

‘Then I did *not* throw down the lamp?’ cried George. ‘I thought perhaps I did when they said so, because my back was against it.’

‘Yes, but you never touched it at all, I know; for I tripped the man myself.’

Here Charles Moreton left the room for a few moments. On returning, he found George engaged in a very friendly parting with Edward Eccleston, who now left them, pleased with his own conduct, gratified at the praises he received, and promising great endeavours in future to make his manners adorn his principles. After he was gone, Charles took hold of his brother’s hand, and pressed it affectionately, while he closed it upon a beautiful pocket-book, such as had been long the secret desire of George’s heart, with pencil and penknife, and every thing complete.

‘Oh! Charles,’ cried he, looking in his brother’s face with grateful pleasure, ‘but don’t you want it yourself?’

‘No, George; I want to give it to you—keep it; and whenever I am angry without a just cause, then let me see it.’

While this scene was passing between the two brothers, Mrs. Calvert obtained a promise from Mr. and Mrs. Moreton, to let George and Anna spend a more quiet evening with her and her children the next week.

‘My little girls will be so happy if they can show them all the curiosities that their father has collected for us in different countries—with these, I suppose, they will imagine themselves quite companionable; and they must have this one gratification before they leave town.’

‘Why, you are not going to send your dear little daughters away from you, Mrs. Calvert?’ said Mrs. Moreton.

‘Yes, ma’am—I am disgusted with the present style of the children in Baltimore; and a particular friend of mine, a lady of the best education and most refined manners, residing in the country, proposes to teach a few girls; Caroline and Amelia, I intend, shall be the first of her scholars.’

‘Then you do not approve of educating them in town?’

‘According to the prevailing mode, I certainly do not; for what progress can young people possibly make in useful knowledge, when their minds are filled with the love of dress, or distracted with solicitude for admiration, in the continued round of company they are permitted to see? But you

must certainly have avoided all this, Mrs. Moreton, your children are so different from most of those I see.'

'I hope they deserve your compliment, Mrs. Calvert, though I have endeavoured, rather to render their minds above the influence of ridiculous fashions, than to keep them entirely out of their view; your daughters, as yet, are infants; and, perhaps, every silly example should be carefully avoided with them; but Charles and Anna, at least, are old enough to make a good use even of the follies they are sometimes exposed to observe. One hundred or more children collected together, out of the limits of restraint, exceed my ideas of temperance, in every respect; but a moderate enjoyment of the pleasures of society, does not, I think, as a consequence, interfere with the proper course of education; if it did, it would certainly be better to confine young people to the circle of their own families; for, when the mind becomes possessed with worthless and trifling thoughts, to the exclusion of every thing useful, or necessary, or truly ornamental, the purpose of education is totally defeated, and the parents and the teachers labour in vain.'

After expressing perfect accordance with these sentiments, Mrs. Calvert rose to take leave. The day which George and Anna spent at her house, will perhaps form the subject of a future story.

DIALOGUE.

Eliza—I wish I was a small bird,
Among the leaves to dwell,
To scale the sky in gladness,
Or seek the lonely dell.
My matin song should celebrate
The glory of the earth,
And my vesper hymn ring gladly
With the thrill of careless mirth.

Caroline—I wish I was a flow'ret,
To blossom in the grove ;
I'd spread my opening leaflets
Among the plants I love.
No hand should roughly cull me,
And bid my odours fly ;
I silently would ope to life,
And quietly would die.

Louisa—I wish I was a gold fish,
To seek the sunny wave,
To part the gentle ripple,
And amid its coolness lave.
I would glide through day delighted,
Beneath the azure sky ;
And when night came on in softness,
Seek the star-light's milder eye.

Mother—Hush, hush, romantic prattlers !
 You know not what you say,
 When *soul*, the crown of mortals,
 You would lightly throw away.
 What is the songster's warble,
 And the rose's blush refin'd,
 To the noble thought of *Deity*
 Within your opening mind ?

Charleston, S. C.

C. G.

THE PLAYTHINGS.—BY H. F. GOULD.

' Oh ! mother, here 's the very top
 That brother used to spin ;
 The vase with seeds I 've seen him drop
 To call our robin in ;
 The line that held his pretty kite,
 His bow, his cup, and ball,
 The slate on which he learned to write,
 His feather, cap, and all !'

' My dear, I 'd put the things away,
 Just where they were before :
 Go, Anna, take him out to play,
 And shut the closet-door.
 Sweet innocent ! he little thinks
 The slightest thought expressed
 Of him that 's lost, how deep it sinks
 Within a mother's breast !'

§ The ' Playthings ' was first published in a periodical about six months ago, but was thought too good to be rejected on that account.

Ed.

WHO'S THERE?

JOHN WHEELER was an honest boy, but he was very ignorant, and, unfortunately, he lived with a farmer, whose wife told him a great many frightful stories. He was naturally strong and brave, but he had heard so many monstrous accounts, which there was not one word of truth, that he was literally afraid of his own shadow. John's elder brother had gone to sea; and at home he had two sisters, Peggy and Sally.

The farm where he lived was at some distance from his father's house, and was separated from it by a small forest. John had promised his sister that he would spend a certain evening with her while his parents had gone to a wedding in a neighbouring town. It was late before he completed his day's work, and the moon was shining bright when he entered the wood. It was beautiful to see the old trees all clothed in a robe of moon-beams; and to watch the light and shadow glancing over the ground, as if they pursued each



Page 4. Copy by Thomas A. Wilson

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Page 6. Copy by Thomas A. Wilson

1. GENERAL

1.1

other in sport. If John had not been rendered timid by the stories he had heard, he would have enjoyed his quiet evening walk, in a place where no sound disturbed the pleasant silence, but the occasional chirp or hum of some happy insect. The innocent are always calm, unless evil thoughts have been put into their minds by the influence of others who are not as good as themselves. Poor John! the clear tranquillity of the night was a terror to him. The distant bushes looked like gipsies pointing their guns at him; and the trees rustling in the wind sounded like giants whispering to each other. As he pursued his way, his heart beat faster and faster. He heard a noise, an awful noise—he quickened his steps—still the noise continued, and grew louder. He ventured to look behind him, and he saw—a tall black figure following him! Then the poor boy ran and ran, as if twenty wild tigers were chasing him. He did not even stop to take breath, although it seemed as if he must drop down with fatigue.

As he approached his father's door, he once more ventured to look around—the tall black figure was still behind him! With one violent effort, he bounced into the door, and bolted it after him. And there he stood, holding his hand upon his throbbing heart, and breathing as if he were *taking a shower-bath*. His sister Peggy, hearing

the door shut violently, came to inquire into the cause. 'Why, John,' she exclaimed, 'what is the matter? How pale you look! and how you shake!'

'Oh! Peggy,' he replied, in a most distressed tone of voice, 'Oh! I have seen the awfulest sight! A great giant dressed in black ran after me all the way through the woods!'

Then Peggy opened her eyes wide, and looked round cautiously, as she whispered, 'And have you bolted the door, John?'

Her brother told her that he had drawn the lower bolt; and she proposed to stand upon the wash-bench and bolt the other. The door was then locked, and the key conveyed up stairs. Then John recounted minutely all the particulars of what he had seen, or thought he had seen, as he walked through the woods; and Peggy told of an old man her grandmother had known, who was chased by a horseman that carried his own head in his hand, and threw it at every body he could reach. Even little Sally told about gipsies that hid away in closets to steal children; and of a giant who built his house on the top of a bean, and ate up the little boys who came there. The more the foolish children talked in this way, the more they were frightened. They huddled close up to each other, and as they listened, their eyes

opened wider and wider. John, after looking fearfully all round the room, began, 'I will tell you a story about a haunted house. Once there was a man?—

'Oh! John, did you hear that?' exclaimed Peggy.

'What? what?' said John, turning pale.

'Oh! John, you will take care of us—won't you?' said little Sally, who was clinging to his knees.

'Hush! hush!'

A loud knock was heard.

'How I do wish father was at home,' said Sally.

Again the knock was repeated.

'Give me the candle,' said John, assuming a sudden bravery, 'perhaps it is somebody come to see father on business.'

'Don't leave me alone—don't leave me alone,' sobbed little Sally, keeping hold of his frock with her trembling hands, 'I am afraid it is that naughty black giant that chased you through the woods.'

At these words, John's courage quite forsook him; and he stood the very image of terror, looking first upon one sister, and then upon the other. At last, Peggy said, 'John, I'll get grandfather's *great sword*, and we will go and ask who is there;

and if it be the giant, and he should break the door down, you can chop off his head with the sword.'

'But how can I reach him?' asked John.

Little Sally whispered, 'You can stand upon the stairs, you know.'

So John took the great sword; and Peggy, with the light in one hand, grasped his frock with the other; and Sally, keeping fast hold of Peggy's gown, came behind.

'Who's there?' said John; and his voice was so dry and husky, you would have thought he had not tasted water for a fortnight.

'A friend!' was answered, in a deep, hollow tone.

John trembled so, he could hardly stand.

'What an awful voice!' exclaimed Peggy.

'Do you think it is the giant?' whispered Sally.

'How strangely the dog acts, barking and scratching so!' said Peggy.

'Let us put out the light and hide ourselves,' said John.

'But, John,' replied the elder sister, 'there is a window in the kitchen unfastened. What *shall* we do?'

John hesitated; but feeling as if he ought to be

the protector, he finally stammered out, 'If you will set the light under the stairs, and come with me, I will fasten the window.'

Still keeping hold of each other, they went into the kitchen. But scarcely had they entered, when the two foremost screamed aloud, and ran away.

'Did you see that man making up faces outside the window?' said one.

'And did you see that great long tail?' said another.

Away they all scrambled to their mother's chamber, and hid themselves under the bed.

When they had become a little more tranquil, they began to talk in an under tone.

'How I wish brother Mark would live at home,' said Peggy, 'he never used to be afraid of any thing.'

'And how droll he was,' added Sally, 'how many pretty stories he told us; and how he mimicked the sailors calling to one another.'

The words had hardly passed her lips, when a loud and prolonged 'Hil-loa!' was heard beneath the window.

'He hears what we are talking about,' whispered Sally.

'Don't speak again,' said John, 'I am afraid he *knows where we are.*'

A short quick bark from the dog made them start again. These silly children actually remained more than an hour crouched under the bed. At last chaise-wheels were heard, and presently the pleasant sound of their father's voice. Still keeping fast hold of each other, they descended to open the door for their parents. The dog seemed very impatient—now scratching against the door, and now putting his nose to the threshold. Carlo was wiser than the children; for, when the door opened, who should come in, shaking hands with father and mother, but their own brother Mark? After the first congratulations were over, 'You rogues!' he exclaimed, 'why didn't you open the door? I have been trying a whole hour to get into the house.'

John blushed, and turned away his head as he answered, 'we were afraid to open the door.'

'Afraid of what?' asked the good-natured sailor, sharing his caresses between his sisters and the dog.

Little Sally, nodding her head in a very mysterious manner, whispered in his ear, 'A giant! a great black giant!'

At this, Mark laughed very loud; and when Peggy remembered how droll John looked, holding the great sword in his trembling hands, she could not help laughing too. John coloured very

red, and had half a mind to be angry, because he knew he was very ridiculous.

‘I don’t care,’ muttered he, in a sulky tone, ‘Peggy saw him making up faces at the window, as well as I did; and she saw a great tail too.’

This made the sailor laugh still louder and longer, until father and mother knew not what to make of his conduct. He told them they should soon see what he was laughing about; and he went out to the barn, and brought a monkey to the window.

‘Here is my present for Sally,’ said he, as he entered, ‘I have brought a fine parrot for Peggy. When I come home again, I will bring another black giant to make up faces at John.’

Peggy joined in the laugh, but she acknowledged that Mark’s voice did sound frightfully when he said, ‘a friend.’

‘I spoke so, because I didn’t want you to guess who was at the door,’ replied her brother.

Poor John was sadly mortified; he wanted to hide away under his mother’s bed again. He tried to excuse himself by saying, that he should not have behaved so foolishly, if something black had not followed him through the woods, and made a noise behind him all the way.

Mark laughed at him a good deal for being such a *stout protector* to his sisters, and told him that if

ever he saw or heard any thing worse than himself, he would bring him home an elephant ; but when he saw the tears come to his brother's eyes, the merry sailor changed the discourse, and began to talk about his adventures.

When it was time for John to depart, he could not conceal his reluctance to go through the dreaded woods.

'I *did* see a black figure behind me ; and the faster I ran, the louder noise it made ; nobody can beat me out of that, for I saw it for certain with my own eyes.'

Mark smiled, and very good-naturedly offered to go through the woods with him.

John at first talked very fast ; but, as they proceeded, he became silent, and walked much quicker. At last, he looked timidly back, and then he fairly ran for it. His brother ran after him, and caught him by the shoulder, saying, 'Don't behave like a fool, John. Do be more of a man. What are you frightened at now ?'

'I saw *two* black things,' replied the boy, breathing very hard.

'Well, John, so do I see two black things,' said Mark, 'look at them well, and see what they are. Now don't you feel ashamed ? You have been running away from your own shadow !'

More mortified than ever, John still insisted,

though he could not speak in a very confident tone, that he certainly had heard a noise.

‘Run again,’ said his brother, ‘and tell me whether you hear it now.’

The coward did as he was requested, and blushed as he said he did hear it. Mark suspected by his looks that he was no longer afraid of the noise ; and he said, ‘Come, Jack, be honest, now, and tell me what you think the noise is.’

John rubbed his head with his hand, and looked down with his face, and looked up with his eyes, after the manner which people call *sheepish*, and stammered out, ‘I guess it was the creaking of my new shoes.’

Mark could not refrain from a hearty laugh. When they came in sight of the farm-house, he bade his brother good night, and added, ‘you have been frightened almost to death to-night with your own shadow, and the creaking of your new shoes ; I tell you again that when you hear or see any thing worse than yourself, I will bring you home an elephant.’

ON THE
DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I saw thee at thy mother's side, ere she in dust was laid,
And half believ'd some cherub form had from its mansion
 stray'd ;
But when I traced the wondering woe that seized thy
 infant thought,
And 'mid the radiance of thine eye a liquid chrystal
 wrought,
I felt how strong that faith must be to vanquish nature's
 tie,
And bid from one so beautiful to turn away *and die*.

I saw thee in thy graceful sports, beside thy father's
 bower—
Amid his broad and bright parterre, thyself the fairest
 flower ;
And heard thy tuneful voice ring out upon the summer
 air,
As though a bird of Eden poured its joyous carol there :
And linger'd with delighted gaze, to the dark future
 blind,
While with thy lovely sister's hand thine own was fondly
 twin'd.

I saw thee bending o'er thy book, and mark'd the glad
surprise,
With which the sun of science met thy sparkling eaglet
eyes;
But when thy deep and brilliant mind awoke to bold pur-
suit,
And from the tree of knowledge pluck'd its richest, rarest
fruit—
I shrank from such precocious power, with strange, por-
tentous fear,
A shuddering presage that thy race must soon be finish'd
here.

I saw thee in the house of God, and lov'd the reverent air,
With which thy beauteous head was bow'd low in thy
guileless prayer,
Yet little deem'd how soon thy place would be with that
blessed band,
Who ever near the Eternal Throne in sinless worship
stand;—
Ah! little deem'd how soon the grave must lock thy
glorious charms,
And leave thy spirit free to find a sainted mother's arms.

STORY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK.

‘Who did father say was coming here to tea this evening, mother?’

‘A Mr. Malcolm from Ohio.’

‘A farmer then, I suppose.’

‘Why a farmer? Do you think that all the people that live in Ohio are farmers?’

‘Yes, I supposed that every body who went there, went to clear up land.’

‘That used to be the case; but now Ohio contains many flourishing towns and villages; and people of all trades and professions are found there. Mr. Malcolm, however, *is* a farmer. He once lived with your grandfather as a labourer; he has been industrious and prosperous; and is a man of very respectable character.’

‘Did father know him formerly.’

‘Yes; I have no doubt Mr. Malcolm has given him many a good ride on his shoulders, when he was a little boy.’

This conversation passed between Alice Grey and her mother. Just at that moment, Mr. Grey entered with his guest. Mr. Malcolm seemed about fifty, had a pleasant, intelligent countenance, and the air of a substantial yeoman. Mrs. Grey rose to shake hands with him, and Alice gave her hand too.

‘Thank you, my little lady, for this welcome,’ said he. ‘I suspect you are as warm-hearted as your father used to be. I never made him a whistle, cut him a good long stick for a horse, or brought him berries, after my day’s work, that he did not put both his arms around my neck, and give me a good hug.’

‘Those were pleasant times,’ said Mr. Grey, ‘I have never forgotten them. You have had a houseful of children of your own to wait upon since then, I believe?’

‘Yes, a houseful indeed; and now grandchildren are taking their places. But where are the rest of yours?’

‘I have only two besides this girl, and here they come. Master Robert, and Henry, let me introduce you to Mr. Malcolm, an old friend of mine.’

Mr. Malcolm gave each of the boys a hearty shake of the hand; and it was not long before *Henry, the youngest*, was upon his knee.

such as it was—and was kept pretty busy, so that he had not time to be very unhappy. His chief trouble was that he could not go to school more, for he liked his books. He sometimes was allowed to go a month or two in the middle of winter, but that was all. One summer, when he was about twelve years old, his master told him that if he would do so much, making his day's work equal to what boys of fifteen or sixteen usually perform, he should go to school all winter. George exerted himself very much, worked so well that the neighbours thought him a wonder, and looked forward to the winter as the time when he should get fully paid.

‘His master kept his word pretty well ; he did not generally keep him home more than a day or a half a day in the week. But he neglected to get him a new suit of winter clothes according to his custom, saying that as he was going to give up George's time so long, he could not afford them. So the old ones had to answer for week days and Sundays too, and before spring were covered with patches.

‘Thoughtless boys—for I don't suppose they meant to do any harm—teazed him, and called him Joseph, because he had a coat of many colours. “The neighbours,” who are always knowing and meddling, said it was a shame he

was not better dressed after all his hard work, and added, with a wise shake of the head, "that he ought to get it out of his master some how or other."

'There lived near the school house a poor widow: George, being a good natured boy, often did chores and drew water for her in play-time, and sometimes when he staid at noon. Observing him very shabbily dressed, she told him she had a new suit of clothes in the house which would just fit him. A son of hers, who had worked for them in the summer, and got them made up in the fall, died before he ever had a chance to wear them. She said George should have them for just what the cloth cost; she would give in the making and trimmings, because he had been so kind to her. George asked his master's permission to accept the offer; but he refused, saying the warm weather would come before a great while; and his old clothes would do till then.

'Poor George remembered what the neighbours had said—that he ought to get some new clothes out of his master some way or other. He pondered upon these words a good deal.

'One day he went to mill; there he met a man who said to him, "I believe you are a trusty boy—here are five dollars I was just going to pay Mr. Dodge (George's master), for apples and

potatoes that I bought last fall—but I am called off another way—so I wish you would take the money, and ask your master to send the receipt the next time you come to mill. You may leave it with the miller.”

“Now is my chance,” thought George, “it is clear that my master ought to have given me some clothes. I earned them twice over last summer. The neighbours said so—and if he won’t give me my due, why should not I take it?”

He knew the woman was about moving away; he thought he would buy the clothes, and keep them concealed until she had actually gone. He trusted that it would be a good while before the man would call for his receipt, and that by that time he should have got money some how or other to pay back—if not, he would run away. So foolishly will boys reason, when they are likely to get into mischief and trouble by their own folly or wickedness.

George accomplished his plan, and, as soon as the woman was fairly off, produced the clothes, saying that when the woman found he would not buy them, she said she would give them to him, as they were of no use to her. Mr. Dodge thought this rather strange; but it passed away, and he thought no more about it.

‘In the mean while George did not much enjoy

his new clothes, and wished many times that he had never taken them. It was not long before the same man who had given him the money, called on Mr. Dodge on some other business, and asked whether he had ever sent a receipt for that money. This led to an explanation, as Mr. Dodge had never received it.

‘George was at the barn, and heard his name called pretty loud and earnest. Ever since parting with that money, he had felt startled whenever he was told that his master wanted him. This was a new feeling, and very uncomfortable.

‘He went to the house with slow and reluctant steps.

‘“George,” said his master, “where are those five dollars you were to pay to me the other day?”

‘George had never told a lie in his life; but he dared not now confess the truth.

‘“I lost it, sir,” said he, “and was afraid to tell you.”

‘“You lost it! you rascal—I know better—you bought those clothes with it.”

‘George fell on his knees—begged his master’s pardon—and told the whole story. He said he was very sorry—that he had never done such a thing before, and would never do such a thing *again—that he would go without any new clothes*

the next fall, &c. &c. ; but his master was very angry, declaring that he did not want a thief and a liar in his house—that the jail was the only proper place for him ; and to the jail he should go.

‘Poor George felt most dreadfully—felt as if he had not a friend in the world. He knew that the jail was in a town twelve miles off, where nobody knew him, and he knew nobody. He was examined before a justice, committed, and sent off.

‘He arrived at the jail just at night, one cold gloomy day in the month of February. The jailor and his wife seemed to feel sorry for him, and gave him a good supper at their own table, before he was taken into jail ; but when he got to his solitary room, and heard the lock turned upon him, he felt as if he were buried alive. He immediately went to bed, and cried himself to sleep ; and he cried all the next day. Except the man who brought his food, nobody looked in upon his solitude, but some people who came to the little wicket in the door, to stare at the young thief.

‘Among others were two boys, one of whom called George names ; asked him if he was not ashamed to be a thief ; and said every thing that he could to teaze him. The other boy said nothing, but gave George a couple of apples, and tried to silence his companion.

‘That evening, just as George had gone to bed,

about twilight, the door was unlocked, and the jailor entered, accompanied by a lady. George had been vexed by having so many people to stare at him; and immediately covered up his head.

“I have not come to see you out of curiosity, George,” said she, “but because I wish to be a friend to you, and try to comfort you. My son was here this afternoon—the same boy that gave you the apples—and he begged me to come and see you, because you were a poor motherless boy. Are you glad to have me come and see you, George?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said he, for her voice fell as soft upon his heart, as moonlight upon stormy water; but still he did not uncover his head.

“I have children, George,” continued the lady, “and if they were to be left orphans, I should wish kind-hearted people to befriend them. For the same reason I am ready to befriend you. If you had had a kind mother to watch over you, I dare say you would not have done this wicked thing.”

Still George made no reply, although he had a comfortable feeling at his heart, to which it had been long a stranger.

“Do you like to read, George?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Then I will leave some books to entertain

you, and will come again soon. The next time I come, I hope you will speak to me ; my name is Mrs. Somers."

'George slept well that night, and did not cry when he waked in the morning, for the thought of that kind lady comforted him.

'The next time she came, that good boy, Charles Somers, her son, came with her. She talked to George a great deal, and read to him, and instructed him from the Bible. Either she or Charles came almost every day to see him.

'The trial came on not long after : poor George was convicted and sentenced to be imprisoned in the common jail three months. It seemed to him an awful doom to be shut up there just as the spring was coming on, when every living thing would be moving to and fro on the earth, and all *nature* would be free. Charles Somers was so sorry for him, that he went over and staid with him all that evening.

The next day Mrs. Somers visited him again. She told him that he must be patient, that he had done wrong, and it was right he should be punished—that it was best for him, and he must make the best of it.

'You love to learn, George,' said she ; 'and you can learn a great deal in these three months that you are to be here. I will furnish you with

books, and sometimes will hear you lessons; when I can't, Charles will. In this way you will be improving yourself; and the time will pass off more rapidly."

'The lady was as good as her word. George studied well, and learned more in those three months, than he had learned from books in all his life before. This was not all—Mrs. Somers got an Indian woman, who lived with the jailor, to show him how to make baskets, that he might be earning a little money; and she furnished materials and candles, so that he could work in the evening. He soon became quite handy at it, and made a good many. As fast as he made them, Charles Somers sold them for him; and people were very good about buying, out of pity.

'By and by Charles brought him the money that he had laid up; they counted it over, and it was just three dollars and a half.

' "Now, George," said Charles, "you can buy you some clothes;" for George's master had taken away all his clothes, except those old ones that he had on; and if Mrs Somers had not given him a couple of shirts, he could not have been decent.

' "No," said George, "if I can earn enough more, I had rather pay back that five dollars to Mr. Dodge."

‘ “But he has got the clothes that you bought with the five dollars.”

‘ “Never mind that; he may keep them if he chooses; but I had rather pay the money.”

‘ Mrs. Somers was very much pleased when she heard this plan of George’s. The first time she saw him, she praised him for it; said it was right; and that he need not be anxious about the clothes, for as soon as he was out of jail, Mr. Somers would try to find a good place for him, where he would soon earn some.

‘ George dared not ask her if he might live with her; but the bare possibility of such a thing made him do his very best to please her.

‘ It was not long before George had a fresh lot of baskets ready for sale. Charles took them to the next town and disposed of the whole. His whole funds now amounted to a little more than five dollars; and that sum was sent off at once to Mr. Dodge.

‘ At last the time came for George to be released; and to his great joy he found he was to live with Mr. and Mrs. Somers. You may be sure he did his best to serve them well and faithfully. As soon as Mr. Dodge received the money, he came to get George to live with him, for he knew his labour was very profitable to him; but George

would not go. Mr. Dodge tried to tempt him with the clothes, saying he should have them right back again; but George replied that he could work and earn some. When Mr. Dodge was going away, Mr. Somers told him that he thought as George had paid the money, he was entitled to the clothes; and, after some hesitation, he concluded to send them.

‘To cut a long story short, George gave such good satisfaction, that he remained with his kind friends until he was twenty-one; and then Mr. Somers gave him a hundred dollars in money, and a hundred acres of his Ohio land, to begin life with.

‘In Ohio he prospered so well, that when Mr. Somers went out to see his property there, four years after, he found him with a good comfortable log house, and a nice wife and baby. His farm was pretty much cleared up, so as to yield him a considerable crop, and he had some live stock.

‘“I am delighted to find you so thriving, George,” said Mr. Somers.

‘“I owe it all to you and your lady, sir,” said he. “If it had not been for her kindness, I might have been a vagabond to this day—for who would have employed the little friendless thief?”’

When Mr. Malcolm had finished—‘Do you

know that man?' said Henry, who had been intently listening to the story.

'Yes, I know him very well; and he is now what they call a pretty rich farmer. He has one daughter married to a doctor, another to a lawyer; and two of his sons are commanders of boats on the Mississippi.'

'I should like to see that man,' said Henry.

'When your father comes to Ohio, ask him to bring you to my house, and you shall see him. I am that very George, boys, and I have told you this story, that you may learn from it to practise kindness towards those whom all the world are ready to forsake.'

The boys looked in astonishment. 'Grandfather's name was not Somers,' said Robert.

'No, it was Grey; but I could not keep my secret till the end of my story, without taking another name for him.'

'And was that Charles my uncle Charles?'

'Yes, and I have been thirty miles out of my way on this very journey on purpose to see him. He is a good deal older than your father, and one of the best men that ever lived.'

'And did not father know that you was George?'

'No, I suppose not, for he was born about the time that I went to live there.'

‘No,’ said Mr. Grey, ‘the story is new to me ; but, without novelty, would have been very interesting. O, how I wish my father and mother were alive, to see their grandchildren listening to it!’

‘They are dead and gone, but not forgotten,’ said Mr. Malcolm, as he brushed away a tear with his brawny hand,—‘I wish all the world were like them.’

The children were all sorry when Mr. Malcolm took his leave ; and the boys said they should certainly go and see him in Ohio. **MATER.**

CHARADE.

My first a simile supplies,
When the enraptur'd lover sighs,
Which aids him fondly to declare
That the fond nymph is passing fair.
When belles in birth-night suit appear,
My second decks Augusta's ear ;
Or, let the voice of sorrow speak,
It trembles on Camilla's cheek :
A heav'n-sent gem, which mercy lends,
Thus to adorn her fav'rite friends.
My whole we joyfully prefer,
Because 'tis spring's sweet harbinger ;
Though (as by chance we elsewhere find)
Its charms are to our sight confin'd ;
And, like full many a reigning toast,
To please the eye its utmost boast.

THE CHILD AND DOG.

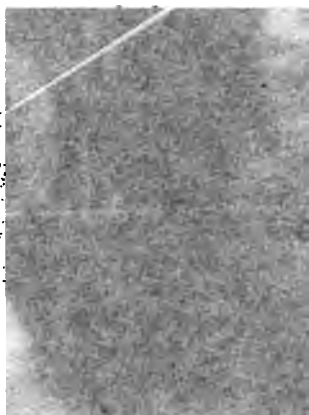
Oh! breathing picture of Childhood bright.
 With its blossoming visions of pure delight!
 A dream of the Past, in this scene I see—
 A landscape which beameth no more for me.
 How many blessings were gather'd there—
 How glad was the day-beam,—how clear the air!
 At every step there were roses strown;
 Where have their leaves and their fragrance gone?

Beautiful Child! as I look on thee,
 With thy parted lips, and thy features free;
 With the silken curls on thy cheek that lie,—
 With the laughing light in that tameless eye—
 As I look on these, I am lost in thought
 Of what young existence to me hath brought;
 And as thus this picture those scenes recall,
 I look around—they are vanished all!

They are vanished all!—and alone I stand
 On the bark that hath borne me from Boyhood's land;
 Yet, as breezes from Araby roam o'er the sea,
 So those earliest raptures return to me.
 Thrice happy the heart that remembers them long;
 They freshen the soul with a fountain of song;
 They point to that land of enjoyment above,
 Where Hope lies at rest on the bosom of Love.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Philadelphia, August, 1832.



THE CHILD AND DOG.

Where ~~1832~~

Philadelphia, August, 1832.





THE NEW
S. C. L.
[Illegible text]

SOLILOQUY IN A SCHOOL-ROOM,

AT THE CLOSE OF A WINTER'S DAY.

'From grave to gay.'

The last is gone, and I am left alone,
 Weary, and worn with care. Day after day
 Floats down the stream of time, and in its wake
 The waters close, and not a trace is left
 That it has ever been. And is it thus?
 Have I done nought to-day that will remain
 Though time flew onward? Is there not one heart
 On which I 've traced, perchance with trembling hand,
 The words of truth eternal? Have I kept
 No feet from error's path?—upon no eye
 Shed the fair rays of intellectual light?
 Or, better still, have I not touch'd the chords
 Of love and sympathy in guileless hearts?
 Yes, I would hope—but, hush! what means that noise?
 'Tis the voice of those at play,
 Who have been confin'd all day;
 Now they laugh, and now they shout;
 That they 're happy there 's no doubt.
 With their sleds away they go,
 O'er the pure, the sparkling snow;
 Now again, by yonder tree,
 Hear them shout, 'draw me,' 'draw me.'

Now they form a team of boys,
I should know that by the noise,
'Tis to draw home little Sue,
And Mary dear is going too.
That is right ; I'm glad to see
Boys have learn'd polite to be ;
That is right, for 'tis the hour
When *eatables* exert their power
On hungry children just from school,
Where to eat is 'gainst the rule.'
No wonder, then, they haste to see
The ready table spread for tea.
Now the sun is sinking fast,
And his light not long will last ;
See how earth, in the bright ray,
Smiles as on a summer's day !
I 'll go forth, ere yet his light
Vanishes at touch of night ;
And no longer waste my time
Or my thoughts on useless rhyme.

A. D. W.

Stockbridge.

REVERSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LIGHTS OF EDUCATION.'

ON the coldest day in one of the most severe winters that ever visited our uncertain climate, a lovely and delicate woman, wrapped in a rich cloak lined with fur, and whose thin slippers had been covered over with protecting moccasins, was seen to take her slippery path through a very unfashionable district of Baltimore; yet frequently, shrinking from the keenness of the air, or uncertain of her way, she would hesitate, and turn round to question a servant lad who attended her steps. When answered, she appeared still more perplexed, till, arriving at the entrance of a miserable street, she made a pause, and looked through the dark perspective as if she were afraid, when a circumstance that might have weakened another's resolution, appeared all at once to strengthen hers.

The wind, which had been increasing in power every moment, as it swept over the wastes of

snow accumulating round our city for weeks, at length came up this dismal avenue with fresh vigour, darkening the air, and whitening the earth. While the pulsations of her heart were quickened to painfulness, as the freezing blood retired from her cheeks, she faced the tempest, and went on. Fortunately she was not exposed to all the sickening sensations that usually assail us near the habitations of the irredeemable poor—I mean the vicious and the idle; for the snow already covered over the last deposit of those wretched cabins, and there was not a rag, nor a fish-bone, nor a potato-skin, to be seen; but every broken door and shattered window seemed yielding to the blast, and about to disclose to her view scenes of sorrow, that even the most charitable lady would recoil from attempting to relieve. Our *incognita* had nearly reached the centre of the street, when the servant began to remonstrate; but just at this time the wind subsided a little, and two children appeared emerging out of an intersecting alley, and approaching the elegant stranger.

‘Oh Goody! what a pretty lady!’ cried one.

‘Take care, ma’am, you don’t get your feet wet in that deep gutter; Kitty just fell in,’ said the other—‘It’s right there,’ pointing to the crossing place.

The lady could not help smiling at the looks of

admiration with which the child regarded her, as these cautions were given, and in return asked, 'My dear, do you know any poor woman in this street, very much distressed, with two small children, twins, and nothing to give them to eat or wear?'

The girl turned to her companion—'Kitty, do you know any poor woman about here, with *two twins*, and nothing to give them to eat?'

'No, I don't, but perhaps mother does; and if the lady would come in and warm herself till the wind stops, she could ask her. Will you, ma'am?'

The stranger hesitated till she had examined the exterior of the dwelling she was invited to enter, when, finding it much superior to the surrounding buildings in decency of appearance, she willingly followed Kitty, who now bid adieu to her school companion, the other little girl, and led the way into a narrow passage, which had just been scrubbed, and covered at intervals with pieces of rag carpet, to preserve it from the soiling of such feet as her own, just extricated from a mud-puddle. At the door of a small apartment, which, during this inclement season, was used as a kitchen and parlour, the child stopt, and while opening it she exclaimed, 'Mother, here's a lady.'

The good woman, whose name was Wilson, started with some surprise at the stranger's ap-

pearance, but immediately very civilly invited her in, where she witnessed a scene of comfort, as gratifying as unexpected. The furniture of the room was common, to be sure, but it had been kept in excellent order, and was very neatly arranged. The table placed for dinner in the middle of the floor, stood ready to receive a roast loin of pork, and a dish of hommony, both smoking on the top of the stove, where they had just been cooked; and the bread that was already on the table, looked not many degrees less white or less light than the snow out of doors. Mrs. Wilson had that minute finished ironing a quantity of clothes, and they were now hanging on a line at the back of the stove, to air; an elderly woman sat near a cradle, rocking it, and mending a boy's jacket.

The visitor approached the cradle, and looked at the sleeping babe. The grandmother drew down the nice covering, that her little darling might be seen to advantage, when the lady, smiling with tender benevolence, said a few sincere words in the baby's praise; but as dinner was ready, she reflected that she might be encroaching on the good people's time, and so she turned to Mrs. Wilson, and asked her the same question that had puzzled her daughter.

‘No, madam, there is not any woman in this street that has twins.’

‘Then I have been greatly deceived ; but it was a very decent woman directed me here, and it appeared a case of such instant distress, that I gave her several things at the time.’

‘Was she a young woman, madam ?’

‘Yes, a very pretty young woman, with black eyes ; she wore a straw bonnet trimmed with yellow ribbons, and a red merino shawl.’

‘Mother,’ said Mrs Wilson, ‘that must be Polly Sharp. Why, madam, she is no better than an impostor ; she goes about constantly, telling the ladies similar stories ; sometimes people have twins, and sometimes they are dying of consumption ; sometimes they are dead, and not a bit of clothes to bury them in ; but there is not a word of truth in all she says.’

‘And is there then no real distress in such a neighbourhood as this ?’

‘I wish I could say so, madam ; but it is distress that no one can relieve for more than a day at a time, because if you give them ever so much now, it will be all the same to-morrow. They are creatures, madam, that would not carry a stick of wood across the street in summer, to save them from perishing with cold in winter. *Indeed it is a great drawback on the industrious people about,*

as we cannot see them starve while we have any thing to eat. For all we know, they might be just as well off, if they would only quit their bad habits, and work.'

'But you must consider there is sickness, to which the poor are especially exposed.'

'That is true, madam, and then any of us might want help; but even this oftener comes from bad living than any other cause. There is a woman, now, just across the street, that we have been tending as well as we could for better than a week, and she not only brought poverty and disgrace on her husband, but sickness and death on herself, by idleness and drink. He is as bad as she is now, but they were once quite above the common order, and might have risen wonderfully in the world, only they got into this evil way; and now he is gone off, and left his wife for the neighbours to take care of.'

While Mrs. Wilson was speaking, her husband came in, with his little son, from the glass-house, where he had constant and profitable employment; being the most faithful and active workman there. He was a fine looking person, upon whom temperance and industry had wrought their usual good effects, producing health, strength, and cheerfulness. The stranger immediately rose, and apologised to Mrs. Wilson for so long intruding on

their time—‘But,’ said she, ‘if there is any thing necessary for the comfort of the woman you mention, or if any other case of distress should occur within your knowledge, your little daughter could come to me at any time,’ and she gave a card with her address,—*Mrs. Horace Hume, North Charles Street.*

‘Thank you, madam,’ said Mrs. Wilson, reading the card, ‘but Mrs. Lambert will not want much more while she lives, I believe; and that we can easily give her. It is the child that she won’t part from, and which she would rather take to the grave with her, that troubles me.’

‘But when she cares so little about herself, is it not a wonder that she regards her child so much?’

‘Oh! madam, if it was her own, she would not, I dare say; for the life she has led lately must keep her from feeling like a natural mother. But she will not allow that she is dying, and so she is afraid to let the child go, for fear its father won’t give her the money for keeping it so long.’

‘And who is the father of this unhappy child?’

‘It was one Captain Graham, madam, who brought a large vessel here from foreign parts. His lady was on board, but he had to bring her ashore, where she died soon after their baby was born, which was christened Louisa after her. *My mother* went out nursing sick people then,

and she was with Mrs. Graham at the time. The captain had to go on a long voyage again, so mother recommended Mrs. Lambert to him as a nurse for the baby till he came back. A nice decent young woman she was then; but that is more than two years ago, and we have never heard a word of him since, so I suppose he died abroad.'

Mrs. Hume listened to this story with great interest, and she thought it offered the best chance for realizing a wish she had often formed, of obtaining a companion for her own little daughter, who might be educated with her, and divide the indulgence and consideration which parents are so apt to render injurious when they lavish them on one child. Mrs. Hume's principal motive, however, had been to make this *one* child happy by the society of another; and, charmed with the idea of effecting so much good in pursuing her pleasure, she was determined to see Mrs. Lambert, and Kitty seemed to read her thoughts.

'I wish, mother, the lady could see Captain Graham's little child; and perhaps Mrs. Lambert would let her take it.'

'I would like to try, at least,' said Mrs. Hume, 'and if you can wait a little longer for your dinner, my dear, perhaps you will show me where she lives.'

Kitty was quite pleased at her proposal, and,

for the first time in her life, that lady entered the abode of profligate poverty. The snow, which had now ceased to fall, was drifted by the door, and prevented its closing, or opening wider than barely to admit Mrs. Hume and her guide, one by one, into a filthy passage, divided from two small rooms. The first of these was totally uninhabitable, the windows being quite broken to pieces, and the chimney an open receptacle for every element except fire. The second disclosed a scene at which the heart of the lady sickened.

It was the last struggle of one of the many victims of depravity to retain a wretched life. A very decent woman, of the working class, at length closed those uneasy eyes, that so long had looked on nothing but ruin. It seems almost unnecessary to say any thing about the apartment. Imagine it with scarcely a spark of fire in its narrow hearth, and no more furniture than the miserable bed, with its tattered covering, that hardly supported the sinking head—cold, dark, and dirty, and you will see it yourself. But where is the child? In that obscure corner, drawn up into the smallest space, with its head covered over, to keep itself warm—there it lies fast asleep.

Kitty, not knowing at first what it was, stirred it with her foot, and the child, awakened too suddenly, *ran screaming* to the bed, and threw itself

on the cold bosom of its nurse, only to suffer the first sensations of death. Vainly did she cry, and press her little hands on that icy heart. No feeling answered hers; and when Mrs. Hume approached to soothe such bitter grief, the babe, at once alarmed and angry, ran away from the bed, and never stopped till she reached the back ground of the dwelling, which extended a few paces beyond the house, to the remains of a pigsty, that, with its accumulated heap of rubbish, formed one of the enclosures of this dismal court. There she remained, trembling and screeching, between two frozen puddles, till, by degrees, Kitty allured her with a piece of gingerbread (when she was half perished) back into the house, whence the corpse had just been removed, to be laid out in that of the good neighbour. To her Mrs. Hume gave money for defraying the funeral expenses. Bitterly did the infant lament the loss of one guardian, and with difficulty could she be made to understand the promises of another; but at length she suffered them to put her in the carriage which Mrs. Hume had sent for; and after this lady had taken leave of her kind little guide, and told her that the family must apply to her, in any case of distress, she drove home.

It would not be possible to ascertain with certainty, all the sensations excited in the mind of a

child who could hardly speak, by such a sudden reverse of her prospects in life; though one might infer, from the look of painful amazement which her features wore, that the change was but little to her taste. Mr. Hume's house was large, and richly furnished, and finely situated near the Park, which in summer afforded pleasant and shady walks for his little daughter, who now came into the parlour, dressed in a beautiful yellow poplin frock and worked apron, to see the young stranger her mama had brought home.

'Come to me, Agnes,' said Mrs. Hume, 'here is a pretty little sister for you. I know you will love her.'

'No, I will not,' cried the child. 'Go away, ugly, ugly baby,' giving it a push, which caused the ready tears to flow again; and not without the exercise of much patient tenderness on the part of Mrs. Hume, was the little creature soothed once more, and rendered sufficiently neat to be presented to Mr. Hume when he came home to dine. He was pleased at seeing the amiable wish of his lady so far gratified, and suffered her, without a dissenting word, to place the children opposite to each other at the table, with a servant to wait upon them, and their mutual discontent very visible in their faces. Agnes asked for a *great variety of things*, and was indulged rather

but potatoes, the only article of food on which she appeared in the least acquainted. After dinner, Mrs. Hume, with great satisfaction, cut out another yellow poplin frock, and executed her design of having the children exactly alike. But it seemed remarkable while she was exerting herself to obtain personal resemblance, the traits of the children's tempers should spontaneously appear in so decided contrast, as if determined to mark difference in their early fate. Agnes, the daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, displaying infant's pride and tyranny, from the moment she saw an object on which they could be exerted, while Louisa, the child of sorrow, nursed in poverty, and inured to neglect, exhibited, in a degree, the weaker errors that so naturally

bought them; and then **Louisa** would let **Agnes** have all, while she **went into a corner** to nurse her silent discontent, **without any**. This, however, did not often happen in **Mrs. Hume's** presence—when it did, she would gently contrive to pacify both the children; and had they been directed by her alone, though, it must be owned, her judgment was not always so acute as her feelings were tender, they might have contrived to live together, with no greater cause for mutual aversion than those momentary and trifling disagreements.

But unfortunately there was a servant in the house, who had nursed **Agnes** from her birth, and she, jealous of the first appearance of another favourite, assiduously cultivated the faults of her youthful charge, and opposed them with all her art against the growth of an influence superior to her own. And it must be confessed also, that as the children grew up, some slight difference might be seen, even in **Mrs. Hume**, between the tender benevolence with which she cherished an unfortunate orphan, and the feelings of maternal fondness, to which some pride was naturally, though unhappily added; for **Agnes** was exceedingly handsome, and exhibited to every eye that peculiar look of distinction, which, as if in mockery of the very mutable nature of fortune and rank, in our

country, is sometimes bestowed on 'the children of men.'

Beside this, she evinced great quickness of perception, learning easily, if not thoroughly, every thing she was taught; and being quite as anxious to display, as to acquire knowledge, it will not be thought surprising that her parents over-rated her talents, and her teachers were perfectly satisfied with them.

The full character of Louisa's mind was not yet developed in her unformed features; but since she never learned any thing that she was not made to understand, and this required more time and patience than could be often devoted to one in a school of a hundred, she easily acquired the reputation of dulness, and suffered for a time all the disgrace of being a dunce, when every perception was alive to render it painful.

And could not even the sweet voice of her patroness call these perceptions into useful exercise? It appears not, except in the branches of sewing and embroidery, which the little girls learned from her. There are minds upon which dependence, when *felt*, acts like a blight; and, with the increasing pride of Agnes, and the constant persecution of the nurse, of which she dreaded to complain, there came a vague remem-

brance of her infant days over Louisa's mind, to darken the thoughts of her present state, and at length induce her to shun the society of those she had most reason to love. Mrs. Hume had given each of the children a small room, that their studies might not interfere, when she found they so unequally studied together; and here upon every vacancy in school, where she certainly did not improve so much as to encourage the attention of her teachers, for which reason she was altogether neglected, Louisa had lately retired to muse over her own plans in solitude. What these were, remaining an impenetrable secret to Agnes and her nurse, they informed Mrs. Hume of it, who then spoke to the little girl herself.

‘What do you now lock your door for every day, my dear Louisa, so that Agnes can never get in to see what you are doing? Nurse says from this she is sure it must be something wrong.’

‘But it is not, mama, and Agnes and the nurse might both come in, only they would laugh at me if they did.’

‘And why, my dear? What are you employed about?’

‘I am trying to learn, ma’am,’ answered Louisa, with an agitated voice, and blushing very much.

‘But you do not succeed, my poor Louisa,’ said

Mr. Hume, laughing, and playfully putting his hand over her head, before he left the room.

Mrs. Hume's curiosity was now satisfied, scruples removed, and she told Agnes that Louisa should not be disturbed, who chose to be alone in her study, whatever occupations might be.

This incident occurred when Louisa was thirteen; and before the next midsummer Mrs. Hume received a letter from a parent friend, requesting that Agnes might be permitted to spend the few weeks of vacation with the country; and to secure a compliance with her wishes, she included the nurse in her invitation as an additional guard on the young lady's person. No letter could have arrived more happily for Louisa, since Mr. and Mrs. Hume agreed to the request contained in it; and when Agnes and her evil counsellor were gone, those deep affecti-

the traits of genius and virtue daily unfolded their beauty in the light air of freedom.

One morning Mrs. Hume was expressing a wish for her husband's miniature, that she might have it set as an ornament; but she feared that he never would consent to give the time required for painting it. Louisa made no remarks; and a few days after, she retired from the dining room before the dessert appeared, which was remarked by Mr. and Mrs. Hume, as not according with her usual good *taste*, I should say, but that the word in this case might convey a doubtful sense, and I mean good *manners*. She, however, returned almost immediately, with two small plates of ivory, upon which were traced miniature busts of her protectors, very handsomely executed, and exhibiting the most perfect resemblance. There were a few complimentary verses at the back of each picture, evidently dictated by the truest feeling, and perhaps promising better poetry in future. She presented each of her patrons the other's portrait. At first they appeared more surprised than pleased, for, thinking only of one person who might have painted them, and knowing she was an expensive artist, they supposed Louisa had incurred a debt, the first appearance of a habit which they had ever condemned.

‘Who painted these miniatures, Louisa?’ asked Mrs. Hume.

‘I did, mama.’

‘You did—with no teacher, my love? How can that be?’

‘Miss Mason told me how to prepare the colours, when she saw me take so much interest in drawing. I bought the paints with my own money last Christmas; the ivory plates Miss Mason gave me herself.’

‘But how did you see her painting?’

‘Oh! I have gone to her room many a time, because she asked me, after I had been there once with some of the girls, who wanted to have their pictures taken; and she promised never to tell you till I chose.’

‘But the likeness is so perfect; who taught you that, Louisa?’ said Mr. Hume, looking at her with pleasure.

‘Oh! I learned that by *heart*, sir, long ago—and the blush and the smile that brightened her face showed the exquisite loveliness of the awakened mind within.

The patroness embraced her with a mother’s pride, while she said, ‘Then, Louisa, this was the wicked employment that kept you so much away from us?’

‘ Yes, mama ; but I had to do other things beside. Come with me, and I will let you see them.’

Mrs. Hume went, and on entering Louisa’s ‘ prison-house,’ she discovered, with astonishment, that this child had ~~actually~~ acquired, by patient and quiet study, not assisted by any one, the principles of all the knowledge that many teachers had failed to convey, remarkable application assisting natural talents so much, though the last with her were so lately developed, and the other very long ill directed. Beside some small pieces translated from the French and Spanish, observations on the lives of celebrated men, and notes on historical events, written in a neat hand, with correct outlines of maps, and several pretty drawings, which Louisa arranged on the table, she had in a small basket an entire set of infant’s clothes, cut out by an old pattern of her own, and a lady’s morning cap, very neatly worked. This she now took out, and tied on Mrs. Hume’s head with white ribbon, while she gazed delighted on the fair countenance, surrounded by that simple border.

‘ And now, mama,’ said she, presenting her with the basket, ‘ will you take these clothes, and give them to some little child, as poor as I was when you took me home ?’

‘ Louisa, my own dearest girl, who told you

this? I spoke to every one that knew it to conceal it from you, and Mr. Hume said he would discharge any servant who spoke of the circumstance.'

'Ah! but I remembered it, mama, and that made me try so much, that you might have some return for all your goodness to me.'

'And you were occupied in this manner, Louisa, when your preceptors, thought you were a dunce?'

'Well, perhaps I am a dunce, mama,' said she, smiling with a very contrary expression in her features, 'but I have patience with myself, and there is only one more that has.'

Here she threw her arms round Mrs. Hume, and as that lady bent her head to the grateful orphan's, their precious tears were mingled.

When they returned to the dining room, Mr. Hume was informed of Louisa's progress, upon which he drew the little girl towards him, and, smoothing the hair from her brow, he looked on her countenance attentively, and then, turning to the lady, he said with a smile, 'I am now more convinced than ever of the truth of Mr. Wormwood's opinion, my love. So far from thinking that one person can teach another person every thing, I believe that no person can teach another person any thing.'

‘Then how are they to learn? I suppose I must ask,’ said Mrs. Hume, laughing.

‘Teach themselves, my dear,—behold the example.’

When Agnes returned from her long visit, she found all opinions changed in regard to Louisa, who had now attained an height above any servile power. But though the nurse could no longer grieve her, with Agnes she felt even more unhappy than before, since her despotic pride, now aggravated by jealousy, was fast producing hatred in her heart; so nearly are all sinful thoughts allied. Was it not a pity that two lovely children should be rendered wretched by the mere cultivation of an infant’s faults? At the renewed unkindness of her companion, Louisa’s mind darkened again. She would not complain—regard for her protectors prevented this; but they observed how her temper was changing, though the cause still continued unknown; and perhaps they might have seen her speaking countenance more sadly shaded, as the light of genius and the trace of knowledge departed, but for another reverse.

One day Mr. Hume brought home a newspaper, in which there was an advertisement from Boston, offering a reward of two thousand dollars for the discovery of a child called Louisa Graham, left *several years* before under the care of a woman in

Baltimore of the name of Lambert. Ample testimony was required, as the child would be the heiress of a large fortune. The first feelings of Louisa on hearing this were certainly delightful—but I hasten to vindicate her from the charge of avarice—she thought only of the great debt of gratitude she owed her benefactors, and the poor that *she* would relieve now. She would overload Agnes with presents, and even the nurse was to be made ashamed of herself by gifts. In this, however, I am afraid there was some pride mingling with her Christian feelings, and that she anticipated a triumph; but it was soon corrected when she thought of leaving her dearest friends to go to New England, where she must be acknowledged as the daughter of Captain Graham, before she could inherit his fortune. Mr. Wilson gladly accepted Mr. Hume's offer to accompany him and Louisa to Boston, with such proofs of her birth as must obtain the reward.

Louisa's great likeness to her parents, who had been well known and much esteemed in their native place, established the truth of other evidence, and she was immediately acknowledged as the heiress of an immense property, which had accumulated in the hands of an uncle, from a small fortune which Captain Graham consigned to *his* care for the use of his daughter, when he felt

the approach of death on his return passage from Brazil, about a year after he had been in Baltimore. This uncle, instead of restoring his niece to her family, made no inquiries respecting her, and dishonourably appropriated the money to his own use during his life, which must have rendered his death particularly unwelcome, if he really believed in no other atonement than fifty times multiplying her original wealth, and having it settled so securely on her as to be altogether out of the power of any one who might have no more principle than he had shown.

With the reward offered in the advertisement, Mr. Wilson returned to Baltimore, and bought a small neat house and garden, removed from all disgraceful neighbours, yet quite as convenient to his work as where I first noticed him; and here he continued with his family, always industrious and respectable.

Louisa Graham would now have been perfectly happy, were she permitted to enjoy her advantages with her dear friends in her native place, but this was contrary to her uncle's will. Until she completed her eighteenth year, she was to remain in Boston, under the immediate direction of her guardians. After this, she would be of age, when the interest of her fortune, accumulating during *four years, was to be given to her on her birth-*

day, that she might make an establishment suited to her taste. This was a great error, since so large a sum placed at once into such unpractised hands, might have done Louisa more injury than first retaining her father's bequest; but an alarmed conscience will sometimes counsel us to correct with a bad judgment the faults of a guilty principle.

Happily the result was directed by a wiser Being. Miss Graham had never ceased writing to her friends in Baltimore by every opportunity, and for two or three years they answered her letters punctually, but after this they wrote very seldom, and their communications were short and mournful. Perhaps no previous anxiety equalled what Louisa felt from her seventeenth to her eighteenth year, though surrounded by all the enjoyments that new wealth could procure, or new friends could bestow; and no sooner did she reach that age of freedom, than she set off, with a respectable escort, for Baltimore.

On arriving there she made immediate inquiries for Mr. Hume, and was directed to a small cheap house in the suburbs, where she now alighted from her carriage with a beating heart, and a footman knocked at the door. It was opened by an ignorant looking servant girl, who stared in stupid wonder at the interesting stranger, and

twice heard her ask for Mrs. Hume, before she invited her in; then, gazing back all the time, she led the way to a small parlour, where that sweet lady, in the pale shadow of her former loveliness, was reclining on an easy chair. Just before her, from a lower seat, Agnes was looking on her mother; and what sorrow did those eyes bespeak, while her lips were uttering the tenderest persuasions to induce her to eat of some delicacy, prepared by her own hands from directions in a cookery book, which was the only literary work, except one, that she had studied for a long time past. Mrs. Hume gazed with a mother's entrancing love, on her graceful and now really beautiful daughter, as she extended her hand to take what she offered; but at this moment the door opened, a sudden exclamation alarmed the invalid, and she let the bowl fall. The next moment she was in the arms of Louisa Graham. Agnes rose immediately, overjoyed yet embarrassed; her self-reproach chastening the delight she felt at her friend's unaltered feeling. But when she was clasped to that heart, which affliction and prosperity had equally tried, the best feelings of her nature overcame the last struggles of her pride, and while she rejoiced, she wept bitterly.

When the first violent effects of this meeting

were over, Louisa inquired anxiously of Mrs. Hume the cause of these changes she saw.

‘You know, my dear Louisa,’ said that lady, ‘Mr. Hume was the chief proprietor of a large manufacturing establishment, which he unfortunately suffered to be under the direction of another person, who has so involved the concern, that it must now be sold for the debts; and we will have little or nothing left. My health could not endure Mr. Hume’s distress, and, but for the efforts of our darling child, who has come out like some pure metal from the furnace, I think I should have died. Agnes studied every thing that could render us comfortable in poverty. Our meals are prepared under her direction, and all the other domestic arrangements she overlooks. We have an ignorant servant, and therefore it is necessary; but the manner in which she does these things proves to us that the Almighty has blessed her by adversity. If her father then could forget the imprudence to which he attributes his failure, even as we are now, we might be happy.’

‘And I am sure he will forget it the moment he sees me,’ cried Louisa, with great vivacity. ‘But what has become of your nurse, mama?’

‘Why, on the mere rumour of our misfortune,

she married, and went to New York. This was the first proof we had of her heartless selfishness, but we have never heard from her since, nor do we ever wish to hear again. Her behaviour at the time almost broke this poor girl's heart, who thought all her unkindness to you, of which I have been since informed, proceeded from the woman's affection to herself. This circumstance a little influenced our conduct towards you, my dear Louisa, and prevented our writing very frequently. We feared the effect of your fortune on your own heart or ours.'

'Oh! my beloved—my only mother! when can mere wealth repay all the benefits I received from you? Then use my fortune as if it were your own at any other time, but *now* I must dispose of it myself.'

Louisa then sent away the carriage, and quietly seated herself, to wait for Mr. Hume. When he came, she saw the most affecting of all those reverses in him. His once handsome, stately person, had grown thin and stooping; his dark hair was changing into grey; his fine features were withered, and his pleasant countenance disturbed and overcast. But it brightened the instant he saw Louisa,—and it remained bright, for, with all the energy of grateful affection, she insisted on his *purchasing* in the establishment, which was to be

sold the next morning, and commencing the business again on his own account. To this he at length consented, on condition that Louisa should receive the annual interest of the money advanced, which was, however, reduced to a mere nominal income, since she only accumulated from it a fortune for Agnes, with whom she ever after lived in the most delightful friendship. Mrs. Hume, restored to her former situation in life, soon recovered her health and cheerfulness, as Mr. Hume did his portliness and good temper; while he continued to prosper in his affairs, from the time he commenced to regulate them himself.

REBUS.

A hero by Achilles slain;
A Grecian general next attain;
An emperor that govern'd Rome;
A Tuscan prince soon met his doom;
A sign the zodiac will produce;
A metal that 's of general use;
The daughter of a Trojan king;
A mount that poets often sing;
Those games the ancients did celebrate;
A flower for sweets none adequate;
A Carthage queen to consummate:
These initials conceiv'd and conjoin'd, you'll declare
'Tis the name of an instrument us'd by the fair.

THE CHILD'S WINTER THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WINTER hath hid my flowers.—I cannot find
 A single violet where so many grew ;
 And all my garden-beds, so nicely fring'd
 With verdant box, are cover'd thick with snow.
 He has not left one lingering pink to please
 My little sister. Why, 'tis very hard
 For Winter so to come, and take away
 What was my own, and I had toil'd to keep
 Healthful, and free from weeds.

They say he rocks
 The wearied flowers to sleep, as some good nurse
 Compels the infant to resign its sports,
 And take its needful slumbers. Well, I thought
 My roses all looked sleepy,—and I know
 When one is tir'd, how very sweet it is
 To shut the eyelids close, and know no more
 Until the wakening of a mother's kiss.

Winter seems stern, and hath an angry voice;—
 I hope he will not harm my tender buds,
 That just had put their tender leaflets forth,
 And look'd so frighten'd.

But I know who rules
Harsh Winter, and spreads out the spotless snow,

Like a soft curtain, over every herb
And shrinking plant, that it may rest secure
And undisturbed. He shields the loneliest shrub
That strikes its rough root at the mountain's base,
With the same gentle and protecting love
As the moss rose. Yea, *He doth care for all* ;—
The lily, and the aspen, and the moss
That clothes the ancient wall, and hath no friend
To watch it, and no fragrance to repay.

Father in Heaven ! I thank thee for the rest
Thou giv'st my weary flowers. Grant them to wake
At Spring's first call, and rear their beauteous heads
Rejoicing,—as my baby-brother springs
From his sweet cradle sleep, with tiny arms
Outstretch'd, and eyes like my own violets bright.

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• *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038

1990-1991, 1992-1993, 1994-1995

THE HISTORY OF A DAY.

SOME have written histories of countries, of battles and sieges, the storming of cities, the intrigues of courts, the progress of civilization, the rise and fall of empires, embracing the condition of man from the first dawn of the regular efforts of his mind, until he has attained his present astonishing perfection; and these histories have no doubt contributed to help forward the human intellect in its onward course. But so may the history of much less important matters. The history of a fly or a beetle, of a flower or a bird, may both improve and delight very cultivated minds; and I hope the subject which I have chosen, the history of my adventures in a single day, when a lad of only ten years of age, may not be found entirely without interest or utility.

I will premise that my father lived, at the time of my history, in the Carse of Gowrie in Scotland, a very beautiful and fertile district, deriving its name from the Earls of Gowrie, very renowned in *the history of that romantic country, for their*

brother who had gone to India in early married there; his wife, however, died years after their union, leaving him one daughter. This event determined him to his native land, and to give up the remainder of his life to the education of his darling. But his constitution had been shattered by the heats of a torrid climate, and he died on his return home. My father became the guardian of Emily, and I her chosen and almost constant companion.

Emily Wedderburn was a very lovely girl, and about a year younger than myself; she was small and delicate for her age; I was remarkably robust and stout for mine, and it naturally fell to my share to provide her every thing which her own strength was unequal to procure. £

imagine that poetical kind of employment would be apt to seduce an imaginative lad from more dull, but certainly equally indispensable duties; and that it is not surprising that the flowing Livy, the sweet Virgil, to say nothing of the crabbed niceties of the grammarians, should be neglected in spite of all the frowns of the pedagogue, and the terrors of the birch, for companionship so sweet, and for pursuits at once so romantic and so congenial to a youthful mind.

My father too was a good, easy man, who allowed us to take our own way. He left Emily to the care of her governess, and me to the village schoolmaster; and believing them both to be competent, he gave himself no trouble about the technical part of our education. He probably went to an extreme in his system of non-interference with teachers or children, but the opposite course of constant, invariable interference with both is doubly injurious. I have known parents who locked up the minds of their children, and guarded them as carefully as they did their plate; the misspelling of a word threw them into a fever, and produced a long letter to the unfortunate teacher. If they discovered that a lesson had not been completely studied, the culprit was doomed to suffer the pains of solitary confinement, and taste the *luxuries of bread and water*, instead of roast beef

and plum pudding. The children of such parents must pare their nails by rule, study by rule, run by rule, and choose their companions by rule. The effect of such a system, however, invariably is to deprive the boys of all natural character and buoyancy of spirit, which are so essential to success in every stage of life, and in every pursuit, and to give them instead, cramped faculties and cold hearts. The unfortunate subjects of such a system are kept in a kind of treadmill, and never know the pleasure of free and uncontrolled motion. But to my story.

The memorable day in the calendar of my youth was as fine as the sun ever shone upon. But as I bent my steps towards school, I felt a heaviness of spirit which was little in accordance with the beauty of the morning, and which was as prophetic of some coming calamity as the lightning is of rain. To the schoolboy, 'coming events cast their shadows before,' and he can see distinctly how the fact takes place, the uplifted arm of the pedant, and its quick and heavy descent, and feel his fingers smart with the anticipated blow. All this I saw as I plodded my weary way to school; I felt my spirit flag, and I heartily wished that the schoolmaster and school were twenty miles off. The fact was that I was even worse prepared than usual, or, to speak

more correctly, was not prepared at all, for saying a single lesson.

My sweet cousin had spread so many allurements for me the day before, that it was impossible for me to resist, and 'the sentinel stars' had long 'set their watch in the sky,' before I thought of opening a book. I then concluded that it was too late to redeem the errors of a day, and, at the request of Emily, I read for her fairy tales until bed-time. But I put my faith in an early rise to-morrow. To-morrow, the greatest promiser and the worst performer in the world, what hopes has it not blasted!—what schemes has it not defeated! Still upon this notorious cheat I put my trust, and, like the rest of the fools, I was disappointed.

The bright beams of the morning sun awoke me, and I had scarcely huddled on my clothes before the breakfast bell rang. I was now reduced to my last alternative, that of running over some of my lessons on the way to school; but the apprehensions which I have already described so muddled my brain, that the elegant strains of my favourite Virgil appeared to my bewildered mind wholly incomprehensible; and in that woful plight I entered the drear dominions of Peter Black, whose business it had been for many a long year to whip Latin and Geometry into the boys of the *parish*.

Peter was a teacher of the old school, stern, inflexible, peremptory, and despotic as the Grand Turk. He would listen to no excuse, receive no apology; and, like the ancient Grecian lawgiver, he had but one punishment for all offences, whether against grammar or good order, namely, a severe whipping. I do not say that Peter had no kindly corner in his heart, but I can say that I never discovered it; and if he did not take pleasure in beating the boys, their cries and tears were at least wholly indifferent to him. His outer man corresponded perfectly with the inner; his features were small and sharp; his eyes grey, deeply sunk, and overshadowed by huge eyebrows, which gave a singularly fierce expression to his whole physiognomy. Never had literature a more unamiable professor; but, notwithstanding, he had a great reputation as a scholar and a teacher.

As I entered, his eyes met mine, and his glance seemed to penetrate into the secret recesses of my mind, and to expose all my weakness. My troubles very soon began. I broke down on the celebrated ass's bridge, made false quantities, and committed all sorts of blunders. The concentrated rage of the pedant burst upon me like a torrent; he beat me unmercifully, but instead of the castigations clearing my ideas, it only added to their confusion; my brain seemed to whirl round like a

top, and I committed the most egregious mistakes in the most familiar things. To ask for mercy would have been as wise as to ask the winds not to blow, the water not to run, or the fire not to burn; and all that now remained for me was to endure in sullen silence the punishments which my own inconsiderate folly had produced.

The hour of dismissal approached, an hour as dear to the school-boy as honey to the bee, or the sight of home to the weary traveller; but that hour, so rich in fun and frolic, brought to me only disappointment and sorrow: for when Peter gave the well known signal which set every little urchin a-packing up his books, and opened the door to their impatience, I alone was ordered to remain, and I had the mortification to hear the key turn in the lock, and cut off my last hope of retreat, leaving me to silence and my own reflections.

Travellers have described the awful solitariness of the desert, its profound silence, and the melancholy effect which that silence has upon the mind; but I am persuaded that it falls far short of the painful stillness of the deserted school-room to the unhappy culprit, who is doomed to be its only inhabitant during the hours which are given to play and good living to his more fortunate or deserving companions; the sharp stings of hunger, *which, like an uneasy creditor, demanding to be*

satisfied, add to the effect of his forlorn situation. Oh, how I sighed when I recollected what the proper employment of two hours would have saved me from! I thought the time would never pass away, and I longed, with an intensity which I yet well remember, for the freedom of open fields and a good dinner. Time certainly had laid aside his wings, and swelled the amount of a few hours into as many days. I would have given any thing even to see the face of my grim instructor, and I felt a thrill of delight dart through my frame, when I heard the old rusty lock creak as it obeyed the key, and saw Peter, followed by the boys, enter the room.

The remainder of school hours passed away without any remarkable occurrence; Peter was rather in a better humour than usual, or, more correctly, somewhat less grum; and the happy time came when the doors were thrown open, and I was enabled to rush out into the long wished for open air. Away I went whistling with my satchel over my shoulder, as joyous as a bird just escaped from the cage. I had already passed Gowrie's common, famous for a battle, and for one of those mysterious cairns, or mounds of stone, no doubt set up as a memorial of some great event, the memory of which is now extinct; the village and church were past, and I was fast

approaching the house of John Cameron, an old man who had for many years mended the shoes for half the clowns in the neighbourhood.

John, or Jock, as he was called, had never aspired to the glory of making a new pair of shoes all his life, but he was unrivalled in the art of patching. John too had cultivated with great care a few apple-trees of the very best sort known in Scotland, and the sign of 'Choice Fruit sold here,' showed that John added to the profits of his mending, those of his orchard. But, being close to the road side, and right on the highway to school, it threw great temptations in the way of pennyless boys, who made frequent inroads upon John's property, and not unfrequently succeeded in depriving the worthy old man of a large quantity of his choice fruit, and, consequently, of no small part of his revenue. But the good man was vigilant as an Argus, and it was firmly believed by the boys that he would go to sleep with one eye, and keep the other open as a watchful sentinel upon his much prized fruit. The effect too of these depredations had made John particularly crusty during the fruit season; and woe to unlawful intruders within the precincts of the orchard, if once fairly within his clutches!

When I came within sight of the golden fruit, *which was rich, ruddy, ripe*, I seemed to feel the

pains of hunger redoubled, and I plunged my hand into the deepest recesses of my pocket, in the hope of fishing up some fugitive pence, but my search was as vain as that of the astronomers for the lost Pleiad. I found nothing but emptiness, but my desire for possessing myself of the fruit, lawfully or unlawfully, became stronger and stronger every moment. I looked around and observed no one in sight. I peeped through the fence to see whether the watchful protector of the grove of Pomona was on guard. It was almost a miracle, but such was the fact, that he was not to be seen, and I immediately concluded that he had been called from home, or was engaged with some favoured crony over a glass of ale. Having taken all these precautions, I then mounted the fence, and laid hold of an overhanging branch, and began to put the rich burden that it bore into my hat, when I heard the door creak, and beheld the enraged John sally forth from his fortress, armed with a leathern strap. The purpose to which he meant to apply it was no secret to me, but I might have escaped if my presence of mind had not deserted me. As it was, like the unfortunate bird under the fabled charm of the snake, I fell into the jaws of the enemy. The sequel need not be told, for the artist to whom I told the adventure many years afterwards, has so admirably

• **bodied** forth the whole scene of the Culprit
• **Detected**, that words can add nothing to the effect.

I went home hungry, weary, and in pain, like some disconsolate knight after a series of defeats and a harassing flight; but the remembrance of the misfortunes of *the day* feelingly demonstrated to me the folly of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day; for to playing till the last hour with my dear Emily, I traced all my sufferings and disgraces.

The future was brighter. I worked until I extorted praise even from the pedant, a thing unheard of in the history of his life. I conciliated John by sending him many a good job, and buying instead of pilfering his choice fruit; and Emily herself found all her wants fully supplied.



ENIGMA.



Design'd by fate to guard the crown,
Aloft in air I reign,
Above the monarch's haughty frown,
Or statesman's plotting brain:
In hostile fields, when danger's near,
I'm found amidst alarms;
In crowds, where peaceful beaux appear,
I instant fly to arms.

A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD.

An incident as early in the settlement of New England as 1630, has been faithfully followed in the subjoined verses, which are written with the hope of drawing the attention of juvenile readers to that interesting era in our national history.

A boat was bound from Shawmut* Bay
To Plymouth's stormy shore,
And on her rough and fragile hull
Five daring men she bore.

With them would Mary Guerard go,
In cold December's time,
Though delicate and gently bred,
For such a rugged clime.

'Dear father, do not part from me,'
Entreatingly she cried,
'But when you seek the troubled sea,
Retain me by your side.

'My youthful spirits mount in joy
Upon my bosom's throne,
And I can brave the storms with you,
But I shall weep *alone*.'

* Boston.

They launch their shallop on the bay,
And give her to the breeze,
While Mary cheers her father's heart
Upon the sparkling seas.

How sweetly on that savage coast
Her maiden laughter rung!
How doatingly on that fair face
The busy oars-men hung!

But tempests rose, and 'mid the rocks
Their leaky boat was thrown;
A bed of ice form'd under them—
Their ocean path unknown.

Those five stout hearts with chasten'd looks
Await their mournful doom,
And Mary, Shawmut's gentle flower,
Expects a frozen tomb.

And now that group of pilgrim souls
' Dispose themselves to die ;'*
How bless'd were they in that dread hour
To put their trust on high.

But near a lone and surgy cape,†
Land ! land ! an oarsman spied—
With effort strong they clear the skiff,
And catch the favouring tide,

* Massachusetts Colony Records.

† Cape Cod.

And hoisting up their stiffen'd sail,
The dangerous way explore,
Till chill, and faint, with sinking hearts,
They reach the houseless shore.

Along the glaz'd and crackling ice
They move in agony,
When, starting forward on their track,
The group two red men see,

Who, with the warmth of untaught hearts,
Their generous helps prepare,
Cover, and feed, and nourish them,
With hospitable care.

But cold had struck the chill of death
On Guerard's manly frame;
Fainter and fainter grew the breath
Which sigh'd his Mary's name.

And she, that lone and lovely one,
Sank like a shooting star,
That, springing out from all its kin,
Falls scatter'd from afar :

Yet gather'd strength o'er that rough bed
On which her father lay,
And on her fair breast laid his head,
And bent her own to pray ;

And not until his failing sigh
Had bless'd her to the last,

Down by his side in anguish lay,
And clasp'd his body fast,

And shriek'd, in tones of piercing woe,
'Return, return to me,
Leave, leave me not in sorrow here,
Or let me die with thee!'

Solemn and stern the Indians stood,
While death was passing by,
But when his parting wing was flown,
Loud rose their funeral cry.

They laid the body carefully,
Like a brother whom they lov'd;
The sandy soil, a frozen mass,
A scanty covering prov'd.

The wolves came howling for their dead,
And then those Indians wild,
As if by tender instinct led
For his deserted child,

Rais'd o'er the grave a noble pile
Of trees securely bound,
Which kept the hungry fiends away
Mid solitude profound.

All died but one of that strong band
Who steer'd from Shawmut Bay,
And her, the young and gentle maid,
The blossom on their way.

The Indians bore her to her home,
Where, like a stricken flower
When winter winds have passed away,
She grac'd her native bower.

But often in her after years,
She thought of that lone grave,
Where ocean's breezes moan'd and sigh'd,
And dash'd the gather'd wave ;

And bless'd the red men of the soil,
Who gave her succour there,
And sought for them with deeds of love,
And ask'd for them in prayer.

C. G.

Charleston, S. C.

GREECE.

BY T. H.

GREECE is a country situated in the south of Europe. It occupies only a small space, as may be seen on the map ; but the importance of nations is not always in proportion to their extent of territory, but rather to the influence they exert on the condition of mankind. The history of this celebrated country illustrates this statement very strikingly, for it had and still has a more powerful influence on mankind than that of any other nation, no matter how large. The Greeks were early distinguished for their love of the fine arts, such as painting, sculpture, and architecture, and their excellence in these arts has never been equalled. Their literature too was of the noblest kind, and their poets, orators, and historians, have become the models of all who aspire to excellence in any department of human knowledge.

The Greeks were ardent lovers of liberty; *which was shown* in the noble resistance they

made upon many occasions both to foreign and domestic tyranny. The free institutions, which they cherished as their most valuable possessions, next to the altars of their gods, had a fine effect upon the character of this people, making them the most intelligent, industrious, and enterprising of all the nations of antiquity. They formed colonies in all the countries of the then known world, and carried wherever they went their fine taste for the arts and for literature, and thus were the means of civilising mankind.

When Greece fell before the Roman power, and lost her national independence for ever, then it was that their haughty conquerors became subject to the intellectual superiority of the Greeks. The Romans were at that time a barbarous people, but it was impossible for them to remain insensible to the great beauties of Grecian art, and, as many fine specimens of it were taken to Rome, it soon became the fashion to admire, and afterwards to imitate them. Grecian philosophy and literature were likewise cultivated. The most eminent men in Rome went to Greece to study under the best masters, and those who were able sent their sons there to be educated, or hired Greek tutors to reside in their families. Greek schools of philosophy, and eloquence, and the arts, were instituted in the capital, and, in a short time,

throughout the empire. The very superstitions of the Greeks were adopted by their servile imitators, for temples were erected to the Greek divinities, which, it is said, received more homage than those that were exclusively Roman.

Thus we see in the history of this people, a beautiful instance of the effect of mind, in making greater and more lasting conquests than can be achieved by the sword.

The modern Greeks are a lively and intelligent people, possessing many points of resemblance to their ancestors; but they are much debased by superstition and a long course of the worst government that ever was instituted. They have lately made a noble effort to obtain their freedom, and every friend of mankind fervently wishes that they may not be disappointed.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

SHRINK not, thou little trembler ; place thy foot
 Firmly upon the rock, and let thy heart
 Still its swift pulses.—Thou hast nought to fear,
 For is *she* not beside thee, with her eye
 Solicitous to find thee out the trace,
 And guard thee from all danger ?—*she* to whom
 Thou art the jewel, given in gracious hour
 By the benevolent Providence. Now
 One little step, and on the velvet bank,
 Thick with its yielding grass and mazy flowers,
 Wooing all senses open to delight,
 Thou art in safety.

Thou hast travell'd far,
 With much misgiving, though with little need,
 For I that loved thee would have rather been
 Rack'd with stern pains myself, than, risk'd by me,
 Beheld thee made the prey of any hurt
 Of frame or spirit, howsoever light.
 Look back upon thy journey. Sec yon tree,—
 Its root thrust out, and swelling with the stream,
 Gave the first foothold when thou leftst the bank.
 Then came the trickling waters to thy knees,
 Climbing, until in terror thou didst cry,
 'Save me, Oh mother !' and thy shrinking limbs
 Task'd all my strength to bear thee to yon rock,

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

On which thou tookst so very long a rest,
And left at last with such unwillingness.
And so thy perils, with a few strides more,
Are ended, and thou now begin'st to smile
At thy own terrors.

Henceforth thou wilt learn—
And when I teach thee there is nought to fear,
Step firmly, with a heart all confidence—
That the great God, and she whose love to thee,
Though with no power like his, is not less great,
Will keep thee from all danger and alarm,
If thou wilt heed their language.

Now look up
And kiss me—kiss thy mother, my sweet boy,
'Tis all that, in return, thou now canst give;
But every mother, looking on her child,
As I on thee this moment, will have said,
'How much, how very much to her it is!'

K.

Philadelphia, July, 1832.

SUSANNA MEREDITH;

OR,

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL:

A TALE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

SUSANNA MEREDITH was the orphan niece of Mrs. Weatherwax, an elderly lady who was 'preceptress' of a school at a large and flourishing village in one of the middle sections of the Union. The aunt of our young heroine was educating her with a view to her becoming an assistant in the seminary; and, indeed, poor Susanna had already been inducted into the most laborious duties of that office, though her age was not yet fourteen.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Weatherwax's establishment bore any resemblance to that English village school, whose sign has been so facetiously described as containing these words, 'Children taught reading, writing, and grammar, for sixpence a week. Them as learns manners pays eightpence.' On the contrary, hers was a lyceum of high pretence, and very select; none

being admitted whose parents were not likely to pay their quarter bills.

Mrs. Weatherwax was not one of those teachers who strew the path of learning with flowers. With her, as with most hard, dull, heavy-minded people, the letter was always paramount to the spirit. Provided that her pupils could repeat the exact words of their lessons, it was to her a matter of indifference whether they understood a single one of those words or not; and, in fact, as her own comprehension was not very extensive, it was by no means surprising that the governess should carefully avoid the dangerous ground of explanation.

Their chief class-book was Murray's English Reader, where the little girls were expected to be interested and edified by dialogues between Locke and Bayle, orations of Cicero, and parliamentary speeches of Lord Mansfield. And twice a week, by way of variety, they were indulged with a few pages of Young's Night Thoughts. Every Saturday they were required to manufacture certain articles called composition, which were moral and sentimental letters on Beneficence, Gratitude, Modesty, Friendship, &c. Mrs. Weatherwax also gave them lessons in something she denominated French, in which most of the words were *pronounced in English*, or rather as if the letters

that composed them retained the English pronunciation, calling for instance, the three summer months, *Jewin*, *Juliet*, and *Aught*.*

They wrote, or rather scratched their copies with metallic pens, to save the trouble of mending, and they learned geography 'with the use of the globes,' though all that was ever done with the globes was to twirl them. And now and then a young lady of peculiar genius accomplished, in the course of three months, a stool-cover or urn-stand, worked on canvass, and representing in caricature a cat, a dog, or a flower-basket.

Susanna Meredith had much native talent, united with the most indefatigable application, and, considering how little real benefit she derived from the tutorage of her aunt, her progress in every thing she attempted was surprising. Her unpretending good sense, and her mild and obliging manners, tinged with a touch of melancholy, the consequence of feeling deeply the loss of her parents, (both of whom had died about the same time,) excited the esteem and affection of her young companions, whose indignation was often roused by the manner in which poor Susanna was treated by her aunt. She swept and dusted the school-room, washed the desks, took care of

* Juin, Juillet, and Août.

the books, fixed the sewing, inspected the sums, and taught the little ones to read ; and she never, in any one instance, succeeded in pleasing Mrs. Weatherwax.

Her services were compensated by being allowed to wear her aunt's left-off clothes, (after she had altered them between school hours so as to fit herself,) and by having permission to sit at table with Mrs. Weatherwax, and drink the grounds of the coffee in the morning, or the drainings of the well-watered tea-pot in the evening ; and to eat at dinner the skinny, bony, or gristly parts of the meat, or the necks and backs of the poultry. Not that Mrs. Weatherwax did not provide amply for herself, but, though she said it was indispensably necessary for *her* to sustain her strength by plenty of good food, yet the same necessity did not exist with a young girl like Susanna, whom eating heartily would incapacitate for study. The old lady's studies being over, she saw no motive for abstemiousness on her own part.

It was on a warm afternoon in the early part of July, that Mrs. Weatherwax, having dined even more plentifully than usual, felt herself much inclined to drowsiness, and resorted to her ordinary mode of keeping herself awake by exercising a strict watch on her pupils, and scolding and *punishing them accordingly*. Like a peevish child,

Mrs. Weatherwax was always cross when she was sleepy. The girls, in whispers, expressed more than ever their longings for the summer vacation ; after which, it was understood that Mrs. Weatherwax was to retire on her fortune ; she having made enough to enable her to give up her school to a lady from New England, who had engaged to retain Susanna Meredith as an assistant, and to pay her a small salary, which her aunt was to receive till she was of age.

About a dozen of her pupils were standing up in a row before Mrs. Weatherwax, reading aloud and loudly from the Night Thoughts, and in that monotonous tone which children always fall into when they have no comprehension of the subject. Each read a paragraph, and there was much mis-calling of words, much false emphasis, and much neglect of the proper stops. But of these errors the governess was only at any time capable of distinguishing the first, and as she grew more sleepy, her corrections of pronunciation became less frequent, and at last they ceased altogether. In vain did Maria Wilson call ‘the opaque of nature,’ the *O. P. Q. of nature*, and in vain were ‘futures’ denominated *fruiterers*, and ‘hostilities’ termed *hostlers*. No word of reproof was now heard.

The girls looked from their books at Mrs.

Weatherwax, and then at each other, biting their lips to suppress their laughter, for her eye-lids, though drooping, were not yet quite closed. Gradually, her neck seemed to lose something of its usual stiffness, and to incline towards her shoulder; her head slowly went to one side; and in a few minutes, her tightly shut eyes, her audible breathing, and her book dropping from her hand and falling on the floor without waking her, gave positive assurance that the governess had really and truly fallen fast asleep in her arm-chair.

As this fact became apparent, the faces of her pupils brightened, and two of the most courageous were deputed by the others to approach close to her, and to examine if she absolutely *was* in a profound slumber. Their report was favourable; and in a moment all restraint was thrown aside, and a scene of joyous tumult ensued, in which great risks were run of wakening the sleeper. At first they moved on tiptoe, spoke in whispers, and smothered their laughter; but, grown bolder by practice, they at length ventured on such daring exploits, that the continuation of their governess's nap seemed almost miraculous.

* Some of them immediately fell to rummaging

* This scene was suggested by Richter's celebrated picture of 'The Girl's School.'

the desk that always sat on Mrs. Weatherwax's table, and from it they joyfully re-possessed themselves of some of their forfeited playthings.

Lucy Philips took a snuff box from the old lady's pocket, and threw snuff into the faces of two other girls, who sneezed so loudly in consequence, that Mrs. Weatherwax was observed to start in her sleep.

Ellen Welbrook hastened to the release of her younger sister Mary, who had been sentenced to stand for an hour on a high stool, with a fool's cap on her head, as a punishment for saying 'Pallas' instead of 'Minerva,' as she recited her lesson of mythology; and who, now that she could do so with impunity, scowled awfully at the slumbering governess, and shook her little fist in defiance.

Fanny Mills, the *beauty* of the school, pinned up a small silk shawl into a turban, and placing in it a peacock's feather, taken from behind the top of the looking glass, she practised attitudes, and surveyed herself in the mirror with much complacency.

Catherine Ramsay diverted herself and her companions by spreading out her frock as wide as it would extend, and making ridiculous mock curtseys to her sleeping governess.

Lydia Linnel, a little girl whose chief delight

was in cutting paper, tore out several blank leaves from her copy-book, seized a pair of scissors, and strewed the floor with mimic dolls and houses.

And Isabel Smithson and Margaret Wells boldly walked out at the front door to go and buy cakes.

There was also much unmeaning scampering, prancing, scrambling, and giggling, without any definite object; and work-boxes, baskets, chairs, and stools, were overturned in the confusion.

And what did Susanna Meredith during this saturnalia? Concerned at the disrespect so unanimously evinced towards her aunt, and still more concerned at knowing that the old lady's unpopularity was too well deserved, Susanna remained steadily at her desk, engaged at her writing piece, and unwilling to raise her eyes, or to see what was going on; but still not surprised that the children should thus testify their joy at this short and unexpected relief from the iron rule of Mrs. Weatherwax.

Two of the elder girls approached her—'Come, Susanna,' said Anne Clarkson, 'lay aside your pen, and join us in our fun while we have an opportunity. I know in your heart you would like to do so.'

'Excuse me,' replied Susanna, 'I am unwilling

to do any thing while my aunt is asleep, that I would not attempt if she were awake.'

'Now you are quite too good,' said Martha Stevens, 'do not try to make us believe that you feel any great respect for such an aunt as this.'

'I rather think,' said Catherine Ramsay, coming up at the moment, 'that prudence keeps Susanna out of the scrape, lest Dame Weatherwax should waken suddenly and catch her. But only look at what I have found in the old damsel's desk. You know my mother is going to have a tea party to-morrow evening for those western people that arrived yesterday, and among the rest she has invited Waxy. And so our accomplished preceptress has made in this little book, memorandums of the subjects on which she intends talking. She is preparing for a grand show-off by way of astonishing the natives, as brother Jack would say. Here is the book—I just now found it hidden away in the very back part of the desk. Only read these memorandums, and see how they will make you laugh.'

SUSANNA.—Oh! no, indeed—nothing could induce me to meddle with that memorandum book. I beg of you to return it to its place in my aunt's desk. It is highly dishonourable to read any writing that you know is not intended to be seen.

CATHERINE.—Well, then, I'll be dishonourable for once, and so, I'll answer for it, will every girl in the school but yourself. But see, the little ones have taken flight into the garden. Suppose we all adjourn thither. We can have better fun there, and without so much risk of waking old Waxy.

SUSANNA.—Let me entreat you to put back that memorandum book.

CATHERINE.—Not I, indeed—it shall be read in a committee of the whole. You had better come and hear it. I am sure it will divert you.

SUSANNA.—I really cannot join in such unwarrantable proceedings. I would much rather stay here. Do, pray, give me the book, and let me put it back.

CATHERINE.—No, no,—not, at least, till we have taken the cream of it. Come, then, girls, let us all be off into the garden.

In an instant they were out of the school-room, but Catherine Ramsay, turning back, and putting her head in at the door, said, 'Now, Susanna, do not carry your honour so far as to wake your aunt, and betray us all as soon as our backs are turned. She is sleeping away now as if she was not to awaken for a hundred years, like the princess in the fairy tale; though no one, I am sure, will ever call her the Sleeping Beauty. There is

one good thing in fat people—they always sleep soundly.’

SUSANNA.—Catherine, what have you seen in me to authorise the suspicion that I could act so meanly as to betray you to my aunt?

CATHERINE.—Oh! nothing—but I thought that with *you*, duty would be always above honour. Now mind that you do not deceive us. Of all things in the world, I despise an informer.

So saying, she turned from the door, and ran out to the group that were romping through the garden in the very hey-day of frolic, galloping mischievously over the flower-beds, committing the most reckless depredations on the currant bushes, climbing the old cherry tree, and riding each other on the gate; while Dido, Mrs. Weatherwax’s only servant, a black girl about sixteen, stood in the kitchen door, and held by its sides to avoid falling down with laughter.

Catherine waved above her head the memorandum book, and assembling the elder girls round her, they threw themselves on the grass plat, while with a loud voice she read as follows.

Memorandums for Mrs. Ramsay’s Party.

To stir my tea a long time, that I may say, ‘I

like all the composite parts of the beverage to be both saturated and coagulated.'

To fan myself, that I may say, 'how sweetly the zephyrs of Boreas temper the heat of Phoebus.'

To talk of the late eclipse, and to explain that it was caused by the sun going behind the equator.

To speak highly of the writings of Miss Hannah More, and to say that she is known throughout the civil world, and has spread over Maine and Georgia.

To speak French at times; for instance, if there is any cheese among the relishes at tea, to say that I am particularly fond of frommage.* Also, if there are raspberries, to express my liking for framboys.† If the servant should stumble in carrying round the waiter, to say that he has made a fox pass.‡

Catherine had proceeded thus far, when Susanna appeared at the door, and made a sign that her aunt showed symptoms of waking. Hastily, and as quietly as possible, all the girls returned to the school-room, which Susanna, during their absence, had restored to its usual order. They took their seats on the benches, and found much difficulty in

* *Fromage*, cheese. † *Framboises*, raspberries. ‡ *Faux pas*, false step.

checking their mirth. The breathing of Mrs. Weatherwax was now less loud; she twisted her head, threw out her arms, and was evidently about to awaken.

Catherine hastily slipped the memorandum book into Susanna's hand, whispering, 'Oh! pray, pray, put it back into the desk immediately.' And the little heroine of the fool's cap hurried that ornament again on her head, and jumped on the stool of disgrace; but in so doing she stumbled, the stool tipped over, and fell with so much noise as effectually to waken Mrs. Weatherwax, who started upright in her chair, rubbed her eyes, and exclaimed, 'What is all this? I really think I was almost beginning to lose myself—I do believe I must have been nodding, or something very near it.'

The girls held down their heads, put their books before their mouths, and made great efforts to smother their laughter, and Catherine Ramsay rose up, and said very saucily, 'I hope, madam, you feel the better for your nap.'

'Nap!' exclaimed the governess, 'who will dare to say that I have been taking a nap?' And, according to the custom of persons who have been overtaken with sleep in company, she declared she had heard every thing that had passed.

'So much the worse for us, then,' said Cathe-

in a half whisper to the girl that sat next to

'come, go on,' said the governess, rubbing her
'go on with your reading. You have been
'time getting through that last page.'

3 girls tried to compose themselves to read;
n a few minutes, to their great relief, the
struck five, and Mrs. Weatherwax, who
ardly more than half awake, gladly dismiss-
school. They could scarcely wait till they
ot out of doors, before they simultaneously
into a loud laugh at the idea of the old
perfect unconsciousness of all that had gone
ing her sleep.

3 memorandum book was very small, and on
ing it from Catherine, Susanna slipt it into
f her pockets; she saw that while school
ued, she would have no opportunity of
ing it in the desk; but she determined to do
er her aunt had sat down to tea. That
Susanna prepared as usual in the little back
r, and when it was ready she announced it
3. Weatherwax; but what was her confusion
ing her aunt, as soon as she rose from her
turn the key which was sticking in the
and deposit it in her pocket! In what
r now was Susanna to restore the memo-

random book to the desk, before her aunt should discover that it had been removed?

After tea, Mrs. Weatherwax told Susanna to make haste in washing up the cups, and then bring her sewing into the school-room. She did so, and found her aunt most ominously employed in searching for hard words in *Entick's Dictionary*, evidently with a view of obtaining further materials for her memorandum book. Susanna, who had often seen Mrs. Weatherwax thus occupied, when she had a visit in prospect, raised her eyes frequently from the pillow-case she was hemming, and stole uneasy glances at her aunt.

At last she saw her unlock the desk—'My stars!' exclaimed Mrs. Weatherwax, 'who has dared to meddle in my desk? Somebody, I see, has been here.' She searched into its farthest recesses, and then called out, 'I can't find my private memorandum book—has any one dared to take it away?'—fixing her large eyes full on poor Susanna, who, unused to any thing that resembled deception, buried her face in her work.

Mrs. Weatherwax, however, seized her niece by the arm, and dragging her forward, pulled away her hands, exclaiming, 'Now look me full in the face, and say you did not take that memorandum book out of my desk. Speak out—speak loud.'

‘I did not,’ replied Susanna, trying to look at her aunt’s inflamed visage, ‘I did not, indeed.’

‘I do not believe you,’ vociferated Mrs. Weatherwax, shaking her, ‘so I shall make bold to search.’

She thrust her hand into Susanna’s pocket, and drew out the memorandum book, which she held up triumphantly.

‘Indeed, indeed, I did not take it from the desk,’ sobbed poor Susanna.

‘Then you know who did,’ cried Mrs. Weatherwax, ‘so tell me this instant.’

Susanna was silent.

‘I know you took it yourself,’ continued Mrs. Weatherwax, ‘it’s exactly like you.’

‘Oh! aunt,’ cried Susanna, ‘it is not like me to do such a thing.’

‘Not another word,’ pursued the enraged governess,—‘I shall believe that you did it, till you can prove your innocence by telling me the real culprit. But I am certain it was yourself, and I shall punish you accordingly. I suppose you took care to read every word of it?’

Susanna, much hurt at so unjust a suspicion, would have persisted in asseverating her innocence, but she feared being compelled to a disclosure of the real offender, and she kept silent, replying only by her tears.

Mrs. Weatherwax, highly incensed, bestowed on her a torrent of opprobrious and strangely sounding epithets, (none of which were to be found in Entick's Dictionary,) and ordered her immediately to bed, though it was still day-light. Poor Susanna could not sleep, and passed a very uncomfortable night.

In the morning her aunt came to inform her that she should be locked up for a week in her chamber—'Not, however, in idleness,' she continued, 'for I have plenty of sewing for you. You shall begin immediately to make up my new linen. But you shan't show your face in the school-room, for I will allow you no chance of whispering to all the girls the contents of that memorandum book.'

'I really did not read one line of it,' said Susanna.

'You did not read it,' said Mrs. Weatherwax, 'that's a likely story indeed. Then what did you steal it for? Yes—you shall be shut up in this room, and you shall sew at my linen from morning till night, and you shall live on short allowance too, I promise you.'

Poor Susanna cried, but submitted.

When the girls assembled at school, they were surprised to see nothing of Susanna, but Mrs. Weatherwax told them she was sick. When

school was over for the morning, Catherine Ramsay and several of the other girls asked permission to go to Susanna's room to see her. This request was promptly refused by Mrs. Weatherwax, on the plea that company always made sick people worse.

'Poor Susanna!' murmured Catherine, 'all I wonder at is that she should ever be well.'

In the evening Mrs. Weatherwax put herself into full dress, and went to Mrs. Ramsay's tea party, where Catherine and her cousin Lucy Phillips could scarcely keep their countenances when they heard the old lady take occasion to bring out, one after another, all the set speeches that she had noted in her memorandum book. When the tea waiter was brought in, (on which Catherine had taken care that there should be a plate of sliced cheese,)—'Now,' whispered the mischievous girl, 'she is going to say frommage.' And when the raspberries were handed round—'Now she is going to talk of framboys'—and so she did. But as no servant happened to stumble, there was unluckily no opportunity for the fox-pass.

Susanna had been invited to this party, but Mrs. Weatherwax alleged her illness as an excuse for not bringing her.

Mrs. Ramsay's house was only on the opposite side of the road, and about nine o'clock, Catherine

put some of the best cakes into a little basket, with two oranges, and slipped over to Mrs. Weatherwax's.

The door was opened by Dido, the black girl, with the kitchen lamp in her hand. When Catherine told her that she wished to see Susanna, as Mrs. Weatherwax had said she was very sick, the girl grinned widely and said, 'La! bless you, Miss Catherine, han't you got no more sense than to b'lieve old Missus? Miss Susannar an't no more sick than I am—she's only shot up for a punishing. I wanted to walk her about as soon as the old woman's back was turned, (for all she gave me the key, and charged and overcharged me to keep her fast); but Miss Susannar would not agree to be let out. She's too paticular about doing what's 'xactly right, and old Missus won't even let nobody in to see her. She's 'hibited her from all 'munication with the known world.'

'But I must and will see her,' said Catherine, giving the black girl a cake and an orange.

'To be sure you shall, bless your heart,' replied Dido, 'so folly on after me, and I'll 'duct you up stairs to her sorrowful dungeon prison.'

As they proceeded up the staircase, Dido, who went before with the light, turned her head and said, 'I say, Miss Catherine, don't you hate old Missus?'

‘To be sure I do,’ replied Catherine.

‘That’s me ’xactly,’ exclaimed the girl—‘Me and you are birds of a feather. I hate her like pison. When people’s mean, and pinching, and cross, and hard-hearted beside, they can’t expect folks to love them.’

‘Mean people are always cross,’ remarked Catherine.

‘If I didn’t visit about among the neighbours,’ continued the girl, ‘I couldn’t make out at all—old Missus keeps us so short of victuals.’

They now arrived at the door of Susanna’s room, which Dido threw open, saying, ‘There sets the poor creatur. Here, Miss Susannar, raise up your head from the window bench, and look at Miss Catherine axing to see you.’

She then withdrew into a corner to suck her orange, while Catherine threw her arms round Susanna’s neck, and eagerly inquired what was the matter, and on what pretext Mrs. Weatherwax had shut her up.

Susanna wept, but said nothing.

‘I’ll tell you what, Miss Catherine,’ cried Dido, ‘it’s all about something that old Missus calls her random book, that she says Miss Susannar stole out of her desk. I just put my ear to the key-hole a minute, (as I always do,) and I heard her last night proper loud and high. She couldn’t

have scolded worse if she'd stole a pocket-book full of bank notes. Now I don't b'lieve Miss Susannar ever steals any thing.'

'Oh! Susanna,' exclaimed Catherine, 'I fear you are indeed suffering for that vile memorandum book which I took out of the desk myself, and thoughtlessly put into your hands to replace. And have you really allowed yourself to be unjustly blamed and punished, rather than betray so worthless a person as I am?'

An explanation now ensued, and Catherine declared she would go home that moment, and proclaim the truth to Mrs. Weatherwax. Susanna, unwilling that any thing should be said or done which might lead to an exposure of her aunt, besought Catherine to wait at least till next morning, when she could see Mrs. Weatherwax before the school assembled. They were still arguing the point, when a heavy step was heard ascending the stairs, and Mrs. Weatherwax, in all her terrors, stood before them.

The tea party was over, and, attracted by the light in Susanna's room, the old lady hastened thither immediately, to ascertain the cause. Catherine instantly ran up to her, and made a frank declaration of her own delinquency and Susanna's innocence, but which Mrs. Weatherwax pertinaciously insisted on disbelieving. The fact was,

the old lady had that strange delight which is felt by some people, in trampling on the oppressed, and in oppressing every one that is unfortunately in their power. Being very much incensed, and determined to punish somebody, she preferred venting her anger on poor Susanna in a way that she was accustomed to, rather than to devise a mode of correction for such a spirit as that of Catherine Ramsay. Also, she prudently remembered that Catherine was the child of wealthy parents.

‘Why, Mrs. Weatherwax,’ said Catherine, ‘do you persist in pretending to believe that the memorandum book was taken out of your desk by Susanna, and not by me?’

‘Yes, I do,’ answered the governess, ‘notwithstanding this fit of generosity, (as I suppose you call it,) in laying the blame on yourself. I know she took it. All her ways are low and grovelling.’

‘They are no such thing,’ interrupted Catherine.

‘A young lady like you,’ pursued Mrs. Weatherwax, ‘the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, with her father in the Assembly, could not be guilty of any thing so dishonourable.’

‘I stand corrected,’ said Catherine, colouring, ‘I own it was dishonourable. Nevertheless I

actually did it. I felt so full of mischief at the moment, that I was capable of any thing, and I had no thought of the consequences. Do you say that Susanna is still to be kept a prisoner in her room ?

Mrs. Weatherwax thought to herself, 'I will keep her there till she has finished making my linen, which will be more advantageous to me just now than what she does in the school ; and I will make Dido sweep and dust, and put the school-room in order.' Then raising her voice, the old lady exclaimed loudly, 'I say that Susanna Meredith *shall* go through the whole of the punishment.'

'Well, madam,' said Catherine, 'I repeat once more that I alone am guilty. If I do not see Susanna in her place again to-morrow morning, I shall explain the whole to my father and mother, and then I am well persuaded they will at once take me away from your school.'

So saying, Catherine immediately walked out of the room with an air of resolute defiance, and returned to her own home.

Mrs. Weatherwax, much enraged, scolded a while longer, blamed poor Susanna for having put 'all this impudence,' as she called it, into Catherine's head, and again locking up her unfortunate niece, she retired for the night.

Next morning about breakfast time, a letter was brought to Mrs. Weatherwax, which she read with much surprise and emotion, and then carefully secured it in her desk. She sat a while and pondered, and afterwards repaired to Susanna's apartment, with a face drest in smiles, and a voice subdued to unusual softness.

'Good morning, my love,' said she, kissing her cheek, 'you may now come down stairs. Lay aside your sewing—breakfast is ready.'

Susanna, much surprised at these unprecedented indications of kindness, gladly obeyed, and Mrs. Weatherwax actually herself placed a chair for her at table. On this happy morning, her aunt gave her a cup of good coffee, before the pot was filled up with water, and put into it plenty of cream and sugar. She also helped her to some ham and eggs, (though she had often told her that relishes were unfit for children,) and she repeatedly handed her the plate of warm cakes, exhorting her to eat heartily.

Susanna was thoroughly amazed, and began to fear that all this was only a dream.

When the children assembled, Mrs. Weatherwax had not yet appeared in the school-room, and Catherine Ramsay, flying up to Susanna, congratulated her on her evident release, saying, 'I am glad I threatened Mrs. Weatherwax with quitting

her school, and I know if I *had* explained all, my father and mother would have taken me away at once. They would have done so long before this time, only that the old woman is so soon to give up.'

'Oh! Catherine,' exclaimed Susanna, 'do not speak so disrespectfully of my aunt. You know not how kind she has been to me this morning.'

Mrs. Weatherwax now came in, and said to her niece in the mildest manner possible, 'Susanna, you need not trouble yourself to-day to hear the little girls their lessons. You may go to the store and choose yourself a couple of frocks, and then take them to Becky Walker the mantua-maker, and get yourself fitted for them. Tell her you must have them made at once.'

The children all opened their eyes wide with amazement, and poor Susanna stood motionless, affected almost to tears at her aunt's unaccountable kindness. 'If you please, aunt,' said she, in a faltering voice, 'I would rather you should choose the frocks for me. I am so unaccustomed to getting things for myself.'

'Well, then, my dear,' answered Mrs. Weatherwax, 'I will go with you after school; but I thought it would gratify you to leave the choice to yourself. There are, beside the frocks, some other things that I think you would like to have.'

In the course of the morning, the grateful Susanna had an opportunity of saying to Catherine, 'Well, what do you think now? Is not my aunt kind?'

'Think!' answered Catherine, 'why, I am thinking of a farce that I saw at the theatre when I was last in the city. A farce in which a termagant lady and a good-humoured cobbler's wife are transformed by a conjuror into each other's likenesses, and placed in each other's houses. We are all as much astonished as were the servants of lady Loverule, when they found themselves treated with kindness by Nell Jobson, whom they supposed to be their mistress. I am inclined to believe that some such conjuror *has been* at work last night. This cannot be the real old Waxy.'

'Oh! do not talk so,' said Susanna.

'Well,' replied Catherine, 'I only hope the illusion may last as long as you wish it.'

But Mrs. Weatherwax (as one of the little girls remarked in a whisper) 'could not get good all at once;' and as, from some unknown motive, she now thought it expedient to be all mildness towards Susanna, so she vented a proportionate quantity of ill-humour on the other girls—always excepting Catherine Ramsay, and three or four more who had rich parents.

At dinner Mrs. Weatherwax helped Susanna to

have scolded worse if she'd stole a pocket-book full of bank notes. Now I don't b'lieve Miss Susannar ever steals any thing.'

'Oh! Susanna,' exclaimed Catherine, 'I fear you are indeed suffering for that vile memorandum book which I took out of the desk myself, and thoughtlessly put into your hands to replace. And have you really allowed yourself to be unjustly blamed and punished, rather than betray so worthless a person as I am?'

An explanation now ensued, and Catherine declared she would go home that moment, and proclaim the truth to Mrs. Weatherwax. Susanna, unwilling that any thing should be said or done which might lead to an exposure of her aunt, besought Catherine to wait at least till next morning, when she could see Mrs. Weatherwax before the school assembled. They were still arguing the point, when a heavy step was heard ascending the stairs, and Mrs. Weatherwax, in all her terrors, stood before them.

The tea party was over, and, attracted by the light in Susanna's room, the old lady hastened thither immediately, to ascertain the cause. Catherine instantly ran up to her, and made a frank declaration of her own delinquency and Susanna's innocence, but which Mrs. Weatherwax pertinaciously insisted on disbelieving. The fact was,

the old lady had that strange delight which is felt by some people, in trampling on the oppressed, and in oppressing every one that is unfortunately in their power. Being very much incensed, and determined to punish somebody, she preferred venting her anger on poor Susanna in a way that she was accustomed to, rather than to devise a mode of correction for such a spirit as that of Catherine Ramsay. Also, she prudently remembered that Catherine was the child of wealthy parents.

‘Why, Mrs. Weatherwax,’ said Catherine, ‘do you persist in pretending to believe that the memorandum book was taken out of your desk by Susanna, and not by me?’

‘Yes, I do,’ answered the governess, ‘notwithstanding this fit of generosity, (as I suppose you call it,) in laying the blame on yourself. I know she took it. All her ways are low and grovelling.’

‘They are no such thing,’ interrupted Catherine.

‘A young lady like you,’ pursued Mrs. Weatherwax, ‘the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, with her father in the Assembly, could not be guilty of any thing so dishonourable.’

‘I stand corrected,’ said Catherine, colouring, ‘I own it was dishonourable. Nevertheless I

Susanna on the death of the child's parents, pretending to do so out of pure benevolence, but in reality with a view of availing herself of her niece's services.

Mr. Manderson's second letter notified the precise day on which he expected to reach the village; and Mrs. Weatherwax had an apartment prepared for him, determined to insist on his staying at her house.

The holiday was given. A dinner extraordinary was in the progress of preparation, and the hour of his expected arrival approached. Susanna was dressed in the handsomest of her new frocks, and seated beside her aunt, engaged, by her order, in working a bobbinet collar. Mrs. Weatherwax, also in her best, was arranged in her arm-chair, with a French book in her hand: and Dido, every few minutes, deserted her cookery to look out at the gate.

At length a carriage stopped before the house, and, at the moment that the over-delighted Dido ushered Mr. Manderson into the parlour, the arm of Mrs. Weatherwax was fondly encircling the waist of Susanna.

'Is that my grand-daughter?' exclaimed Mr. Manderson, as Susanna rose timidly to meet his embrace.

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Weatherwax, who on this

occasion thought it expedient to display some French—‘Here she is, looking like a bouton de rose,* as she always does, and with nothing to trouble her gaiety de cœur† but the thought of leaving her poor fond aunt, whose greatest bone-hewer‡ is loving and petting her. Is it not so, Susanna?’

To conclude, Mr. Manderson was much affected by Susanna’s resemblance to her deceased mother, and he felt that the only atonement he could make for his undue severity to the unfortunate Mrs. Meredith, was to take her child to his heart, and cherish her with the warmest tenderness.

He stayed till next morning; and in the mean time, Mrs. Weatherwax so entirely over-acted her part, as to convince Mr. Manderson that her excessive fondness for Susanna was any thing but real. The old lady also gave frequent hints of a wish to be invited to pay him and Susanna a visit when he should be settled at his own house, taking care to inform him, that on the first of August she was going to resign her school, and should after that be quite at leisure. But none of these hints made any impression on Mr. Manderson. As he could not for a moment think of allowing his

* *Bouton de rose*, rose-bud.

† *Gaieté de cœur*, literally, gaiety of heart.

‡ *Bonheur*, happiness.

grand-daughter to be under the slightest obligation to such a woman, he required of Mrs. Weatherwax an estimate of Susanna's expenses, during the whole time she had been in her charge. Mrs. Weatherwax, fearing that nothing else was to be obtained from the old gentleman, made out a bill of enormous length, amounting to five times as much as her actual expenditure on Susanna. Mr. Manderson looked only at the total, and without any comment, gave her a check for that sum; but he did not present Mrs. Weatherwax with a handsome watch that he had brought with him as a gift for her.

Dido, the black girl, took an opportunity of begging Susanna 'to speak a good word for her' to her grandfather, that she might be allowed to go and live with them. 'For you know, Miss Susannar,' said she, 'old Missus is going to board out when she breaks up, and she would be glad enough to get rid of me, as she don't want me no more; and she has been trying to get some of the neighbours to take me off her hands, only none of them won't have me.'

This business was soon arranged. Dido's indentures were duly transferred to Mr. Manderson, and from that moment she called herself Miss Susanna's waiting-woman.

Susanna took an affectionate leave of her young


companions, particularly of Catherine Ramsay, who parted from her with many tears, and was invited by Mr. Manderson to spend the ensuing winter with his grand-daughter.

Susanna was soon established in an elegant mansion with her grandfather, who engaged an amiable and accomplished woman as governess, to complete her education, assisted by the best masters. And Catherine Ramsay improved greatly during the long visit which she paid next winter to her excellent young friend.

VALE OF WYOMING.

SOME years ago, about the middle of the month of June, business, aided by inclination, induced me to visit the beautiful vale of Wyoming. This classic spot, rendered so by Campbell's exquisite poetical tale of Gertrude, I had frequently seen before; but every time that the magnificent yet tranquil scene is exhibited, fresh subjects of admiration are elicited. On approaching it from the south, as you reach the summit of the mountain which bounds it in that direction, the whole panoramic exhibition bursts at once on the sight. How paltry and puerile appear the finest scenic representations when compared with such touches of nature's pencilling!

It was the most attractive period of the season, and the season one of the most delightful. The superb foliage of the trees on the surrounding hills assumed its freshest tints, the grain-covered plains waved in graceful motion under the influence of a balmy wind; which, with the crystal Susquehanna meandering smoothly over its pebbly bed, formed a *tout ensemble* of enchanting loveliness.



Scarcely a sound was audible, save the soothing echo of a distant waterfall, or the gentle murmuring of the placid stream.

While slowly passing to the upper part of the valley, my mind readily cast a retrospect over the vista of time that had elapsed since the dreadful affair, well known as the *massacre of Wyoming*. Musing on the great change that had taken place—where a handsome town had supplanted the wigwams, and highly cultivated fields the tangle and the brake—of the lowing of cattle and the bleating of flocks in the former haunts of the panther and the bear—how the original occupants of the soil are extinguished, or driven far from the graves of their sires, and the firm establishment of their pale successors—painful emotions were felt amidst the conviction of improvement. No wonder that the aborigines made a desperate struggle to retain this delectable spot—combining at once all the advantages of planting, hunting, and fishing within view of their humble homes.

My feelings were becoming wound up to an unpleasant sense of excitement, when I was interrupted by the appearance of an Indian—a survivor of the once numerous race who inhabited the banks of the Susquehanna. At first his scowl was fierce—but probably, from meeting in my countenance no corresponding expression, his

features relaxed, and we entered into conversation. The aged warrior was about to revisit the graves of his fathers—take a final farewell, and return to the scattered tribe to which he belonged. The impulse was natural, yet I remonstrated—knowing the hostility that still rankled in the bosoms of many of the inhabitants of the valley. But it was in vain. We separated—the same day I departed for home—but I never heard of his having left the valley of Wyoming. Y.

ENIGMAS.

1.

Something—nothing—as you use me ;
Small, or bulky, as you choose me ;
Eternity I bring to view,
The sun and all the planets too ;
The morn and I may disagree,
But all the world resembles me.

2.

'Tis known that I destroy'd the world,
And all things in confusion hurl'd ;
And yet I do preserve all in it,
Through each revolving hour and minute :
I tremble with each breath of air,
And yet can heaviest burdens bear ;

I many kill, I many cure ;
Some prize me much, some can't endure ;
Around the earth's huge ball I roam ;
To myriads I prove a home ;
And if you 're pos'd, and cannot guess me yet,
Look, and your puzzled face I 'll counterfeit.

3.

What is the longest and shortest thing in the world,
the swiftest and the slowest, the most divisible and the
most extended, the least valued and the most regretted ;
without which nothing can be done ; which devours all
that is small, yet gives life to all that is great ?

CHARADES.

1.

My first is to engage the mind ;
The warrior to my next retires ;
If you 're to be my whole inclin'd,
'Twill serve to mod'rate your desires.

2.

My first 's a being of the human race ;
My second is a hill in Scripture nam'd ;
My total shows the splendid dwelling place
Of those for opulence and titles fam'd.

3.

My first in lonely grots and cells,
In velvet softness often dwells ;
And round my second loves to cling,
Like any fond endearing thing.
My whole is own'd the royal flower,
The pride of every garden bower ;
Its fragrance fills the gales around,
With richer sweets than else are found ;
All other flowers their homage show—
'Tis rivall'd but by beauty's glow.

4.

My first is capable of sense and sound ;
My second, though not globular, is round ;
'Tis endless, though it be not everlasting :
My whole 's an ornament my first 's made fast in.

5.

My first or sumptuous is or simply plain ;
My second oft is in the village yard ;
Till next year, ladies, should we meet again,
Accept my whole in token of regard.











